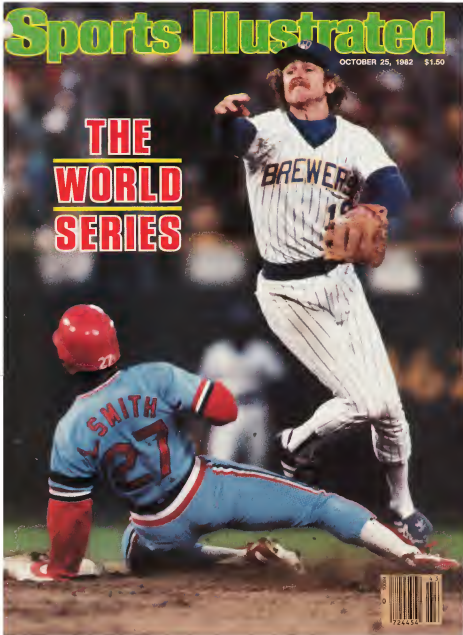
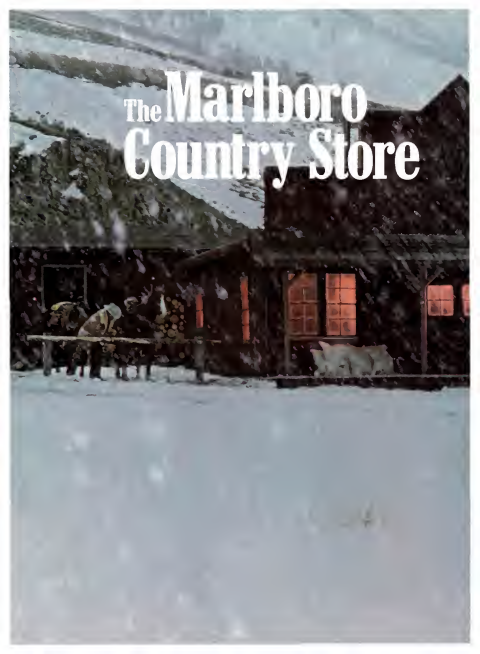


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 25, 1982 \$1.50

THE WORLD SERIES



A rustic log cabin in a snowy landscape. The cabin has several windows with warm orange light glowing from inside. In the foreground, a group of people and a horse are gathered near a wooden bench. The scene is covered in snow, and the sky is overcast.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WRITER SCHECHTER HAD A KNEED TO KNOW

It wasn't until free-lance writer Arnold Schechter, whose sports-medicine piece on arthroscopy begins on page 18, developed throbbing pain in both knees that he finally sought the advice of Dr. Barton Nisonson, chief of arthroscopic surgery at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City. "I'd always been interested in keeping in shape," Schechter says. "I swam, jogged, lifted weights and played baseball and basketball, but all sorts of ailments and injuries plagued me. I broke my ankle running in Central Park. Lifting weights gave me tendinitis, making swimming impossible. Finally, an afternoon of jump shooting resulted in my getting chondromalacia, a knee condition, and reduced my activities to walking and watching my 6½-foot TV screen."

A referral to Nisonson led Schechter to the subject matter for his 20th Sports Illustrated article. He might well have run into SI's Sarah Pileggi, Margaret Sieck, Jan Kaplan or Bailey Breene waiting in Nisonson's office to have their knees treated. Nisonson doesn't limit his practice to journalists, however: He is also associate orthopedic physician for the New York Jets and recently, for example, performed orthopedic surgery on the right knee of Defensive End Joe Klecko. Schechter himself eschewed surgery in favor of one of Nisonson's more con-

servative recovery regimens, a knee-exercise program designed to strengthen the quadriceps.

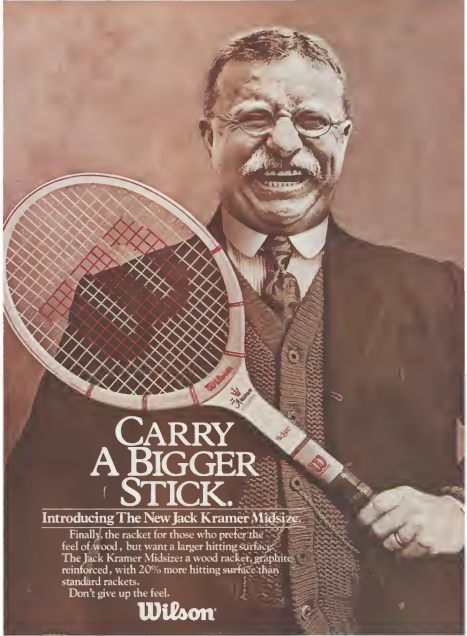
A native of North Carolina, Schechter attended Duke, graduating in 1968 with a B.A. in political science. He taught this, among other subjects, for four years and coached tennis for one at Lenoir Community College in Kinston, N.C., shuttling to New York during those summers to get an M.B.A. at Columbia. Upon finishing the requirements for that degree, he stayed in New York to work in the sales office of his family's North Carolina-based apparel-manufacturing business. Schechter's parents, Sol and Pearl, from Brooklyn and the Bronx, respectively, moved to Kinston in 1941 and have run the concern from there ever since. "My father encouraged my interest in writing," Schechter says. "He prides himself on being the family grammarian, to our occasional dismay."

The interest escalated into a career when Schechter met SI Associate Writer Barry McDermott. "We'd been next-door neighbors for two years," says Schechter, "but Barry traveled so much I'd never seen him. We became friends after meeting in the laundry room one day, and while watching the 1976 Rose Bowl at my place, he encouraged me to submit an article to SI." That fall Schechter sold us a YESTERDAY column on a Brazilian flier. "I got the idea from a history of aviation course I taught," he says, "and wrote the story on the back of a Manila envelope."

Several stories later, on July 4, 1977, Schechter declared his independence from the shirt business and began writing full-time on subjects as diverse as a world Monopoly tournament, baseball rubbing-mud and the college basketball shot clock, as well as reporting on sporting vacations for Sportsweek magazine, of which he is travel editor.

What he is not currently doing, given his knee problem, is playing one-on-one with fellow Kinston High alumnus Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell. Lucky for him. And lucky for us.

Philip D. Howard



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ON DECK

by STEVE PFFER

ONE BRIGHT NEW WHITE SOX STAR IS MERELY A BEHIND-THE-SCENES PLAYER

At eight o'clock in the morning in the stand-up coffee shop on Chicago's Near North Side, almost everyone wears a sleepy expression. But one patron is percolating: Roland Hemond, the general manager of the White Sox and a baseball man for more than 30 years, can barely contain his enthusiasm as he speaks of David Dombrowski.

"David has tremendous ability," Hemond says. "He has great physical and mental strength. He's like a Mantle, Kaline, Aaron or Mathews when they were in their early twenties. They were regulars, and they were stars."

David Dombrowski? He's not on the White Sox major league roster. Nor is he with Chicago's Triple A club.

Dombrowski, 26, looks as if he could put the ball out of Comiskey Park, but he isn't a player. He's the assistant general manager of the White Sox and is responsible for, among other things, administering all minor league operations and coordinating the Sox's scouting operations. He negotiates contracts and aids Hemond in other tasks, including the draft and trademaking. He is, quite simply, major league baseball's Youngest Turk.

In a sport in which owners usually allow former players to graze in the farm system's front offices and set their own children up with cushy management jobs with the big club, Dombrowski is a walk-on who became a star. Hired in January of 1978 at age 21 as administrative assistant to the director of baseball operations—"I was a glorified go-fer," Dombrowski says—he became assistant director of player development in 1979. By the spring of 1981 he had been promoted to director of player development, a position he held for less than a year before becoming Hemond's right-hand man.

Dombrowski had all but given up his baseball aspirations when the White Sox finally granted him a job interview in December 1977. He had been pursuing the Sox and every other major league organization for two years, having decided during his sophomore year at Western Mich-

igan that he wanted to be a baseball general manager. That decision had been reached when he realized he would never be a professional baseball or football player. He had been a Chicago-area high school star in both sports and had played football at Cornell before transferring to Western Michigan. He had interviewed Hemond while doing research for a paper on the role of the general manager in baseball, and Hemond had suggested he job-hunt at the winter meetings, held in Honolulu in December 1977.

A few months later Dombrowski, then a senior at Western Michigan, was sitting on the beach in Waikiki wondering if his whole baseball fantasy was really worth pursuing. He had rearranged his exam schedule so he could attend the meetings and flown to Honolulu at his own expense, and none of the organizations seemed interested in him. Returning to his hotel, he learned that the White Sox wanted to meet with him immediately. "I was sandy, and in my cut-offs and asked if I could shower and change, but they said to come right away," Dombrowski says. Charlie Eversman, then director of baseball operations for the Sox, recalls the cut-offs, but he also remembers, "It was obvious within a few minutes that David was very bright." Hemond was also impressed by Dombrowski's intelligence and demeanor. And it didn't hurt that he could type. "I told them I'd do anything," Dombrowski says. "move cars, shovel sidewalks, type. I just wanted to get my foot in the door."

After a second interview in Chicago, Mike Veeck, Bill's son and then the team's assistant business manager, called. The good news was that the Sox wanted to hire Dombrowski; the bad news was he had to start immediately. Dombrowski had one semester remaining at Western Michigan, and because he was the first in his family to attend college, there was parental pressure on him to graduate. "When I told my mom I wanted to take the job, she didn't talk to me for three days," Dombrowski says.

"I felt it was important that he get his degree," his mother, Laurie, says. They compromised. Dombrowski agreed to finish his accounting major with correspondence courses and night school. He accepted the job and immediately—and successfully—negotiated his first baseball deal, persuading Veeck to give him an \$8,000 salary, instead of the \$7,000 initially offered.

His first-year duties included everything from filing to making transportation arrangements for spring training to operating the scoreboard to chauffeuring Bill Veeck, then the team's owner, and Hemond home after games. Hemond was amazed by Dombrowski's ability to grasp every task thrown his way and his skill at dealing with people older than he, which is almost everybody in baseball. And his personnel skills aren't lost on others. Dombrowski has earned the respect of one of management's natural adversaries, agent Steve Greenberg, who represents nine players in the White Sox organization. Says Greenberg, "Dave is one of the brightest young executives in baseball. He's largely responsible for Chicago's outstanding record in salary arbitration. Most executives don't want to tell a player he's doing well and is an asset to the team, because they figure he'll remember it and use it against them during contract negotiations. But Dave thinks that if a player does well, he should be rewarded, economically and psychologically."

Dombrowski keeps long hours. A recent workday began before eight with his customary meeting with Hemond at the coffee shop. The two scrutinized the daily box scores for information that might help the Sox. If they see that a player on another team is injured or riding the bench, they might start considering a trade for him. Upon arriving at Comiskey, Dombrowski listened to the tape-recorded reports phoned in by each of the Sox's minor league managers after the previous night's games. He keeps extensive files on all Sox minor league personnel and exciting prospects in other organizations. After paying some minor league bills and taking care of correspondence that had piled up during a recent Sox road trip—Dombrowski frequently travels with the team or travels to minor league sites—he met with the Chicago scouts for a player evaluation meeting. Then he was on the telephone to determine which minor-leaguers to bring up for the annual Hall of Fame game in Cooperstown. Further telephoning arranged

for the placing of players in the Mexican and Puerto Rican winter leagues and set up a new alcohol, drug and general counseling program.

The Sox were again on the road but the game was televised, so Dombrowski hurried to watch it. He lives in a small apartment around the corner from Hemond. His bookshelves are filled with baseball registers and digests. There is little time for a social life—which is Dombrowski's only regret about his occupation. He spends his spare time playing racquetball and taking Spanish lessons. "Now the club doesn't have to use our chef to speak to our Mexican contacts," Hemond says with a smile.

When he has the time, Dombrowski also follows the stock market. He has begun to invest in stocks and real estate. He wants to supplement his salary for a very good reason. "I still want to be a general manager," he says, "but now I'd like to be an owner, too."

Sox owners Einhorn and Reinsdorf, take note.

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by FRANZ LIDZ

FOR JIMMY DYKES, MISREAD SIGNS IN THE BIG LEAGUES LED TO BIG DETOURS

Baseball lore is full of tales of misread signs that led to disaster, but Third Baseman Jimmy Dykes's career was almost an anthology of major detours. Connie Mack traded him to the White Sox in 1933, and Dykes, who had played under Mack for 15 seasons, figured he had taken the A's signs with him. When Chicago next played the A's, Dykes thought he saw Mack give the bunt sign. Dykes charged the plate with the pitch and nearly got his head removed by a line drive.

"After you left us," Mr. Mack gently explained later, "we changed our signs."

Dykes became manager of the Chicago White Sox the following year. His first baseman was a slow, clumsy rookie named Zeke Bonura. Late in a close game, with a Chicago runner on second, Dykes flashed the bunt signal to Billy Webb, his third-base coach. Webb relayed the sign to Bonura, who stepped out of the batter's box looking bemused.

Webb repeated the sign; Bonura continued to gape. They went through it again. Finally Dykes, watching impatiently from the dugout steps, had had enough. "Bunt, you meathead," he shouted. "Bunt. Bunt. B-U-N-T."

A glint of recognition lit up Bonura's face. On the next pitch, he bunted.

In 1938 Dykes traded Bonura to Washington. The first time the Senators visited Comiskey Park that season, Sox Coach Bing Miller advised Dykes to change his signs because Bonura knew them. "Why should we?" asked Dykes. "He couldn't remember them when he was with us."

Bonura wound up on third during one of the games. He glanced into the home dugout, where Dykes was waving a scorecard at a buzzing mosquito. As the pitcher wound up, Bonura wobbled down the third-base line like an errant truck and sent the catcher sprawling.

Bonura was safe, and when asked why he stole home, he said, "I saw Dykes give the sign to steal, and I forgot I wasn't on his team anymore."

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SPORTS

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

**ARTHROSCOPY IS THE KINDEST CUT FOR
BAD KNEES, BUT IT STILL ISN'T PERFECT**

Until fairly recently, athletes had a special dread of knee injuries, because such afflictions frequently led to surgery. An operation meant a hospital stay, a surgeon slicing into the knee, months of painful and strenuous rehabilitation and a zipperlike scar for a souvenir. But since the mid-1970s, many surgeons have turned to arthroscopy, a revolutionary, though problematic, technique that can repair certain knee injuries more effectively and less traumatically than traditional surgery.

The new approach became possible with the introduction of the arthroscope, a pencil-thin telescopic instrument that's inserted into the knee through a tiny incision. At first the scope was used only to improve diagnoses, but its usefulness was soon augmented by the development of miniaturized surgical instruments that could be used in conjunction with the basic arthroscope.

Today the arsenal of arthroscopic instruments is varied and sophisticated. A surgeon can study the entire interior of the joint by penetrating the knee from several different locations and using scopes with angled optics. If he likes, he can attach a small camera to a scope for viewing the joint on a television screen. His choice of surgical instruments includes everything from grasping forceps and trimmers to motorized shavers and drills.

Arthroscopy is especially well suited to dealing with two common cartilage injuries. One involves tears of the menisci, little crescents of cartilage that are particularly vulnerable when an athlete pivots or changes direction. In open surgery a surgeon routinely removes a torn meniscus, but using arthroscopic methods he can usually remove the damaged part of the meniscus and smooth and reshape the remainder, leaving the meniscus largely intact to provide better knee stability. Any loose cartilage can readily be found and sucked out.

Arthroscopy can also relieve severe cases of chondromalacia, a roughening

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or softening of the cartilage lining behind the kneecap, generally caused and aggravated by bent-knee activities like jumping or skiing. A surgeon can shave the lining, and, if necessary, realign the kneecap. Less often, arthroscopy is used to reattach bone fragments with wire, clean or cut away tightened scar tissue and remove diseased cartilage from the joint surfaces.

Because these procedures don't require a major invasion of the body, as conventional knee surgery does, an arthroscopic operation is less likely to be physically and mentally traumatic. Post-operative pain, scarring and chances of complications or infection are minimal. Most patients can walk immediately after surgery and spend little or no time in the hospital. Normally they can be rehabilitated quickly and return to everyday activities within weeks. Although an arthroscopic operation costs at least 20% more than open surgery, the reduced need for hospital care and extended therapy can cut costs by as much as 50%.

The advantages of arthroscopy have been dramatically apparent in the rapid recoveries of many top athletes. Former Tight End Keith Krepfle of the Philadelphia Eagles scored his team's only touchdown in the 1981 Super Bowl; he had had knee surgery the previous month. Skier Steve Mahre recovered from arthroscopic surgery on both knees in six weeks, which enabled him to return to the slopes in time to beat Ingemar Stenmark for the 1982 world championship title in the giant slalom.

Yet Dr. John B. McGinty, president of the Arthroscopy Association of North America, warns that the popular image of arthroscopy as a fix-it-all, totally safe procedure is misleading. "There are clear limitations to what arthroscopy can do," he says, "so patients' expectations shouldn't be excessive."

Arthroscopy cannot be used to repair an advanced arthritic knee or to expose enough surface area to operate on torn ligaments.

As with open surgery, an arthroscopic operation may be only a short-term success if the patient doesn't work at his rehabilitative exercises, if any are required. Even with conscientious exercise, the average patient can't expect to recover as quickly as a well-conditioned athlete can.

Arthroscopic surgery also exposes a patient to the same unpredictable hazards of general anesthesia that accompa-

ny open surgery. A general anesthetic is used to dull the pain caused by the surgical leg tourniquet required in such operations, relax the leg muscles so the joint will move freely and allow for the slight possibility that arthroscopic techniques will fail, forcing the surgeon to cut the joint open.

The judgment and skills of the surgeon are two other worrisome areas for patients. Dr. Robert Metcalf, who is associate clinical professor of orthopedic surgery at the University of Utah, says he's worried about some of the feedback he has received. According to Metcalf, "There's considerable concern that arthroscopic surgery is being over-utilized and is sometimes being done in a manner damaging to healthy cartilage."

A prudent orthopedic surgeon adds arthroscopy to his repertoire by first learning diagnostic arthroscopy and later progressively mastering more difficult operations. This step-by-step self-teaching process is essential, because arthroscopy calls for skills different from those used in open surgery. A doctor must learn to manipulate small, easily broken instruments inside a very tight joint while watching a magnified, two-dimensional picture of the joint on a television screen. Dr. Baron Nisenson, section chief of arthroscopic surgery at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital and associate orthopedic surgeon for the New York Jets, compares the hand-eye coordination needed to do arthroscopy to "working the controls of an Atari game."

But if a surgeon lacks skills or patience, he can accidentally scar healthy cartilage or tissue by mishandling a knife or a power cutter. This could be even more of a problem when the lasers and high-speed motors, which are now considered experimental, become standard arthroscopic equipment. Says Metcalf, "With these high-energy devices a surgeon loses the tactile feedback that tells him where the softened, damaged cartilage ends and the firmer, healthy cartilage begins. He can unwittingly hit healthy cartilage and initiate an arthritic condition."

All of these uncertainties may give a candidate for surgery pause, and indeed they should. Arthroscopic surgery, when called for, is preferable to open surgery, but it still poses dangers, and it shouldn't be acceded to lightly. Arthroscopy may be the kindest cut of all, but it remains a calculated risk.

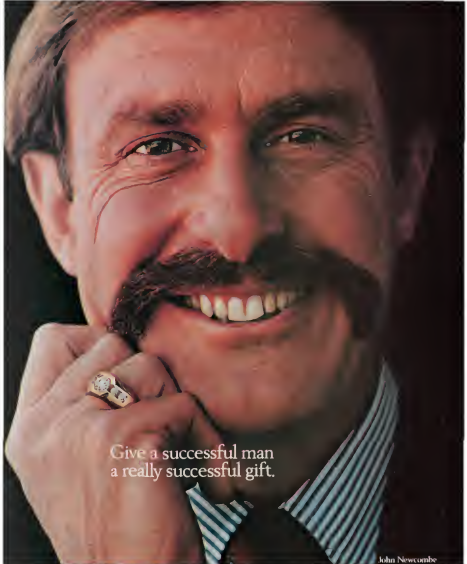
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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

UNSETTLED DEVELOPMENTS

Sam Kagel, the 73-year-old San Francisco labor mediator imported early last week to try to settle the NFL strike, has a reputation for toughness. Upon joining the parties to the strike at the Hunt Valley Inn in Cockeysville, Md., Kagel said, "My tactic is to wear them out before they wear me out." As SI went to press five days after Kagel made that pronouncement—and with the walkout four weeks old—all sides were showing unmistakable signs of wear. Although there were indications on Sunday that the NFL Players Association was prepared to modify its demand for a wage scale and despite speculation that the management side might make new concessions, the strike dragged on. And Kagel, his hopes for round-the-clock negotiations conducted under cover of a media blackout frustrated by hassles over leaks to the press and other interruptions, complained at one point, "This place is like a prison. I haven't been outside."

In the long run, however, prospects for a settlement may have been helped by the so-called all-star game staged by the players' union on Sunday in Washington. The game, played in 55,045-seat RFK Stadium, drew a crowd announced at "eighty-seven sixty," although one dubious writer, surveying the empty stands, quipped, "That's eighty-seven on one side, sixty on the other." The box-office debacle in the first game of what the NFLPA envisioned as an alternative season was a clear-cut public relations defeat for the union. That the game itself was reasonably well played for an all-star event—an amalgam of NFC East and Central players beat an AFC East contingent 23-22—and the mere fact it took place was, in another sense, a setback for the owners. They had sought to block NFL players from suiting up for such games. Sunday's game and another one scheduled for Los Angeles the next night could establish a precedent that, in the absence of a settlement, would encourage other NFL players to participate in such events in the future. And as the Redskins' John Riggins, who took part in the Washington game, said, "The more people who play in these all-star games of ours, the more the owners will realize that football can be played without them."

The result of the NFLPA-sponsored game: The players realized that starting a new league that will win public acceptance is no easy matter, while the owners couldn't rule out the possibility that such a thing might nonetheless happen. It was hard to imagine two more effective incentives to settle the strike.

NOW FOR A WORD FROM THE STRIKE

Once the NFL strike ends, efforts will naturally be made to recoup as much as possible of the revenue lost because of the walkout. One prospect: an attempt to generate extra income by squeezing more commercials into telecasts of remaining games. Under the terms of the NFL's contract with the networks, 24 minutes of commercials per game are now allowed. If the strike reduces the 16-game regular-season schedule to 13 games—a 13-game schedule is still possible under NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle's plan to make up two canceled games by prolonging the regular season—the resulting loss of advertising could theoretically be made up by adding roughly eight minutes' worth of commercials to the telecast of each remaining game. The result, astonishingly, would be that the strike would end up costing the NFL virtually nothing in TV revenues.

Football fans will be happy to learn, however, that adding eight minutes of commercials per game is easier said than done. For one thing, some NFL TV sponsors couldn't afford to wait out the strike and have already channeled their advertising dollars elsewhere. Another deterrent to selling additional commercials is that these would lead to "advertising clutter," which could make individual commercials less effective. Also, some network officials, sensitive to charges that TV intrudes on sports events too much already, say they would strongly oppose additional time-outs expressly for TV. Instead, any extra commercials would have to be shown during "natural" breaks—for example, injury time-outs—that are normally given over to color commentary. Trouble is, there's no way to know how many such breaks will occur in a game.

But some extra commercials do seem likely. The fact that the NCAA's new TV

deal allows 26 minutes of commercials during college games shows that there's nothing magical about the NFL's 24-minute total. It also suggests that NFL telecasts could easily accommodate a number of additional commercials. The result may well be that by subjecting themselves to extra TV pitches for beer, razor blades and the like, the fans would, in effect, be underwriting the strike. Which is probably what they suspected they'd be doing all along.

OR, IF YOU PREFER, JUST KNOCK

Visitors to the suburban Atlanta home of Braves TV announcer Darrel Chaney are greeted in an unusual manner. Upon ringing the doorbell, they hear a tape recording of the crack of bat against ball



followed by the excited voice of Marty Brennaman, the broadcaster for the Cincinnati Reds: "It could be, it might be. . . It is! It's a grand slam home run for Chaney! Look at Darrel. Look at Darrel Chaney! He's dancing around the bases. . ."

The home run described by Brennaman actually happened, and it was unquestionably the highlight of Chaney's baseball career. During 11 years in the major leagues, most of them spent as a utility infielder with the Reds, Chaney had a career batting average of .217, with 14 home runs, including that solitary

continued



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SCORECARD *(continued)*

grand slam. It came off St. Louis Pitcher Rich Folkers in an 11-2 win over the Cardinals in Riverfront Stadium in 1974, and Chaney modestly remembers it as "a tremendous shot, 400 feet at least, to right center." Because the ball hit the seats and bounced back on the field, Chaney got it as a souvenir, which he displays on a table at home. As for why he went to the bother of rigging his doorbell to the Brennan recording, Chaney offers a perfectly plausible explanation, saying, "When you don't hit many homers in the big leagues, you have to cherish one like that."

SINCERELY, W.D. GRETZKY

Few sports stars are more obliging with the public than the Edmonton Oilers' Wayne Gretzky. But there was a moment last spring when Gretzky may have been too obliging. As he recently recounted it, he was sitting with friends in a Toronto restaurant when a woman approached his table and asked for an autograph. He asked her name and lightheartedly wrote, "To [name of woman] Love and Kisses. Wayne Gretzky." The woman thanked him, took the autograph and left. "About three minutes later," said Gretzky, "the woman—I guess she was about 30—came back and said to me, 'How can you write that? You can't love me, you don't even know me.' She gave the paper back to me, said she didn't want it and left."

"ENTIRELY, ENTIRELY DIFFERENT"

The International Olympic Committee deserves all the praise it has received for reinstating Jim Thorpe's amateur status and restoring to him the two gold medals he won at the 1912 Olympics (page 48). U.S. Olympic Committee President William E. Simon, who lobbied the IOC to correct the 70-year-old injustice to Thorpe, has every right to take a bow, too. But the pleasure derived from the long-overdue resolution of the Thorpe case is tempered by the lack of interest shown by the IOC and the Simon-led USOC in restoring the Olympic eligibility of two other American track-and-field men, shotputter Brian Oldfield and pole vaulter Steve Smith, both of whom are still competing. In contrast to the largely symbolic action regarding Thorpe, the reinstatement of active athletes like Oldfield and Smith would be more than a mere gesture.

(continued)

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**ONLY FROM THE
MIND OF MINOLTA**

Oldfield and Smith lost their amateur standing by competing from 1973 to 1976 on the now defunct International Track Association pro circuit. In keeping with the supposed relaxation of amateur rules in international sport, both were reinstated for ordinary amateur competition by The Athletics Congress in 1979, a move that was subsequently approved by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. However, the reinstatement didn't apply to the Olympics and related competition. Oldfield and Smith were reduced to seeking and obtaining court injunctions against the USOC to win the right to compete in the 1980 Olympic trials—each finished fourth, missing berths on the honorary U.S. team by one place—and the 1981 National Sports Festival. They now have a suit pending against the USOC in U.S. District Court in Denver in which they seek to be declared eligible for the 1984 Olympics, but the USOC has countersued, asking that Oldfield and Smith be enjoined from further "interfering" with the USOC's activities and seeking at least \$10,000 damages from them.

Simon, so vigorous on behalf of Thorpe, tries to defend the USOC's jarringly less sympathetic posture toward Oldfield and Smith by saying that theirs is "an entirely, entirely different case" because they, unlike Thorpe, were "pure professionals." In point of fact, Thorpe, Oldfield and Smith were guilty of exactly the same "sin": They accepted money for athletic competition. USOC lawyer Richard G. Kline argues that his organization has no choice but to "conform with existing IOC requirements of eligibility." Wrong again. The USOC has a perfect right to appeal to the IOC on Oldfield's and Smith's behalf. It's altogether possible, of course, that the IOC would reject such an appeal, but the sorry fact remains that the USOC hasn't even made the effort.

Will Oldfield and Smith also have to wait 70 years for justice? As arm twister Simon and attorney Juan Antonio Samaranich, the IOC president, demonstrated in the Thorpe case, Olympic officials can cut through their seemingly impenetrable bureaucratic thicket in a hurry when they so desire. The failure to act with similar dispatch in the case of Oldfield and Smith will have the effect of callously punishing two refugees from a professional track circuit that disbanded, ironically enough, partly because it offered

participants less money than so-called amateurs routinely receive in under-the-table payments. And both the USOC and IOC know it.

DO AS I SAY ...

Los Angeles Times Columnist Scott Oster wrote last week about a TV announcer he knows who uses a radar gun to measure the speed of pitches, space satellite weather forecasts to anticipate possible rain delays and a computer printout to keep tabs on such arcana as how certain pinch hitters fare against certain pitchers. The same fellow, Oster noted, objects to the use of TV replays by umpires because "it would take the human element out of the game."

A GLANCE AT THE POLICE BLOTTER

The University of Texas, whose football team was ranked No. 18 in the Associated Press's weekly poll, was placed on NCAA probation last week for ticket-scalping and recruiting violations. That brought the number of schools in the AP's Top 20 on NCAA probation in football to six, the others being fourth-ranked Georgia, fifth-ranked SMU, 10th-ranked Arizona State, 14th-ranked USC and 17th-ranked Miami. In addition, 20th-ranked Clemson is under investigation for possible recruiting infractions, 15th-ranked Illinois got off Big Ten probation two months ago, and No. 16 LSU recently turned itself in to the NCAA for apparent off-season practice violations. And, oh yes, No. 12 UCLA is on probation in basketball.

CULTURAL NOTE

During a performance the other evening of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, tenor Plácido Domingo, suffering from a bad cold, was replaced at the end of the first act by Carlo Bini, who subsequently 1) got involved in several mix-ups in stage directions that drew peals of laughter from the audience; 2) brought the performance to a halt by missing an entrance and 3) was roundly booed when he sang. When other spectators tried to quiet the boobirds, fistfights broke out and some patrons slapped one another with programs, resulting in the ejection of a number of them by security guards. Conductor Giuseppe Patané at one point scolded the au-

dience for its behavior and later had to be carried from the podium because his blood pressure was acting up.

Meanwhile, at Madison Square Garden, the New York Rangers were beating the Philadelphia Flyers 5-2. There were no fights during the game, and Philadelphia's Bobby Clarke afterward played the gentleman by offering generous words of praise for the inspired goaltending of the Rangers' John Davidson. To round out a perfect evening, most hockey fans managed to get home without running into any of that rowdy opera crowd.

VINCE THE INVISIBLE

In his weekly syndicated feature, "The Bottom 10," Steve Harvey satirically recognizes the worst college and pro football teams and sometimes celebrates individual losers as well. The other day Harvey conferred a special citation on Los Angeles Rams Quarterback Vince Ferragamo. He noted that Ferragamo had jumped to the Canadian Football League last season "and promptly vanished into obscurity" and had returned to the NFL this year only to disappear into oblivion again, this time because of the players' strike. Meanwhile, in a cruel—to Ferragamo—irony, NBC sought to fill the football programming void during the first three weeks of the strike by televising CFL games.

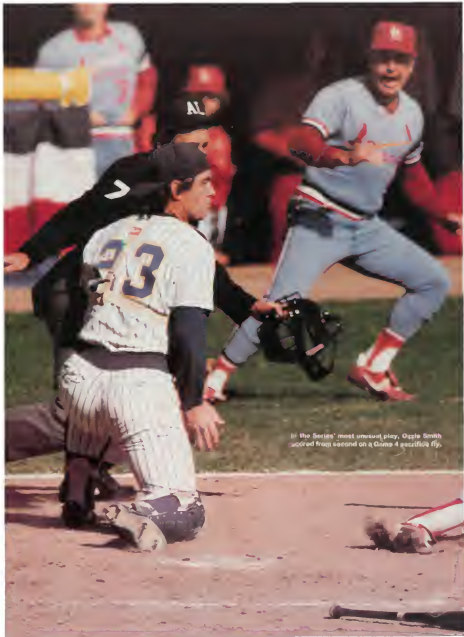
THEY SAID IT

- Sandy Buda, Nebraska-Omaha football coach, on the Mavericks' 6'5", 257-pound defensive tackle, John Wayne Walker. "He's tougher than nine mules of detour."
- Neil Bonnett, stock-car driver, explaining why he has a 300-hp motor on his lightweight 19-foot fishing boat: "You hook a bass at 100 miles an hour, and it takes the fight right out of him."
- Joe Vitt, former Baltimore Colt strength coach, now with the Seattle Seahawks, discussing his boyhood career ambitions: "I wanted to do two things—be a coach or be in the circus. With the Colts, I had a little of both."
- John McKay, Tampa Bay Buccaneers coach, on a preseason pass interception on which rookie Linebacker Jeff Davis scored a touchdown the very first time he touched the ball in an NFL uniform. "The last person to do that was Red Grange. When I told the players that, no one knew who Red Grange was."

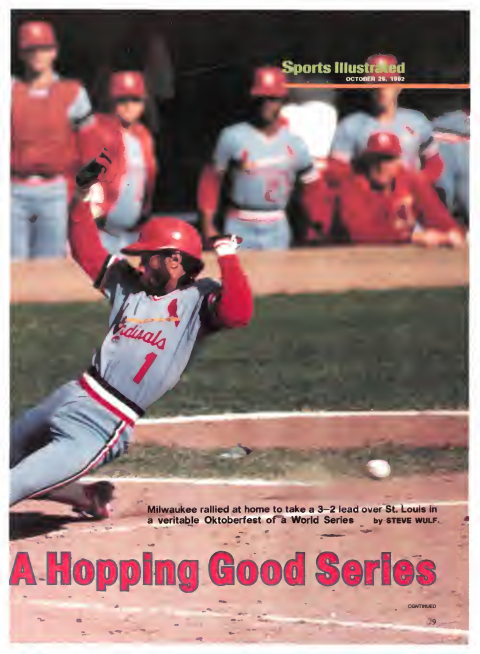
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In the Series' most unusual play, Ozzie Smith scored from second on a Game 4 sacrifice fly.



Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 26, 1982

Milwaukee rallied at home to take a 3-2 lead over St. Louis in a veritable Oktoberfest of a World Series by STEVE WULF.

A Hopping Good Series

CONTINUED

GAME 1

The 79th World Series was awash in beer jokes; by the time it got under way, enough puns were in print to choke a Clydesdale. So it was no surprise that this game was won on a wicked hop, mashing by the Milwaukee Brewers and a stouthearted pitching performance.

But besides offering a match between a team owned by a man who makes Bud and a team owned by a man who's named Bud, this Oktoberfest presented the clearest Series confrontation between speed and power since the Dodgers met the Twins in 1965. Whitey's Rugburners vs. Harvey's Wallbangers. The Cardinals figured to run the Brewers ragged on the carpet in St. Louis, and the Brewers to misg the Cardinals once they got back to Milwaukee.

The fans in St. Louis' Busch Stadium, most of whom seemed to be dressed in red, should have known something was wrong even before the first pitch of the game. One of the eight Clydesdales pulling August A. Busch and his beer wagon around his stadium soiled the first-base coaching box.

With runners on first and second and two out in the first inning, Milwaukee's Ben Oglivie lined the ball—with some English on it—just to the right of Keith Hernandez at first. Hernandez, who normally makes this play look easy, missed

the short hop. One runner scored, and a subsequent single by Gorman Thomas gave Milwaukee a quick 2-0 lead. This would be all the advantage that Pitcher Mike Caldwell would need, although his teammates gave him eight more runs to relax with.

The 10-0 score was the most lopsided in a Series opener since the White Sox beat the Dodgers 11-0 in 1959. The Cardinals took small comfort in the fact that Los Angeles went on to win in six games that year. "I don't like getting beat 10-0," said Manager Whitey Herzog. "It bothers the hell out of me. We just looked horse manure. It's a good thing we weren't playing a doubleheader."

The Brewers took to Busch Stadium as if they'd been playing there all their lives, even though most of them had never even seen the place. "I started liking it in batting practice," said Jim Gantner, who had two hits, including a two-run triple in a four-run ninth. "Great hitter's background." Milwaukee had 17 hits in all, only one of them a homer, by the beloved erstwhile Cardinal, Ted Simmons. By reputation the Brewer hitters are barbarians who pick their teeth with broken bats, but in reality they use their heads as much as they do their muscles. At the top of the order, Paul Molitor, Robin Yount and Cecil Cooper had a grand total of 616 hits during the season.

Molitor had five and Yount four in this game. Molitor's fifth hit gave him the World Series record, and Bill Guillefole, public-relations director for his bat. Molitor was only too happy to oblige, although he had actually used three bats in the game, having broken one while making his only out, in the first inning, and another while getting a bloop single in the fourth. After the game, Molitor had no idea he'd set a record, and he couldn't remember ever getting five hits in a game, even in high school. He had the nerve to say, "Even though we scored 10 runs, we didn't swing our bats that well."

Try telling that to St. Louis

After delivering Busch, one of the Clydesdales did what horses do.



Pitcher Bob Forsch, who was relieved in the sixth inning by 43-year-old Jim Kaat. Kaat's appearance made him the second-oldest man ever to play in a Series—Jack Quinn was 46 when he pitched for the 1930 A's. Kaat was the Cards' only effective pitcher this night. By the time the Brewers were knocking around rookies Dave LaPoint and Jeff Lahti, the red sea in the stands had departed.

Even more surprising than the runs the Brewers scored were the runs the Cardinals didn't. Caldwell was so masterful that six of his nine innings were perfect, and he allowed a runner as far as second just twice. He induced so many ground balls that Oglivie in leftfield didn't touch a live ball all night. Caldwell gave the Cards no chance to show off their speed, which was good because his pickoff move isn't. His three-hitter was the best individual Series pitching performance since Steve Blass also had a three-hitter in 1971 for the Pirates. Caldwell's feat followed three outings in which he had given up 16 earned runs in 18 innings.

"That was as good as you'll see Mike Caldwell," said Simmons. "He changed





Caldwell, alias Mr. Warmth, warmed to his Game 1 task with a three-hit, 10-0 victory.

speeds and threw sinkers and sliders. When he started, he was low and away, on the black. I said to myself, 'This will be nice for a while.' It stayed that way."

Caldwell, 33 and sporting something of a paunch, is known as Mr. Warmth. Actually, his T shirt says MR.—WARMTH. By his own admission, he's grouchy and irritable. "I've put my fist through more things than you can find," he says. According to Sal Bando, the Brewers' morale coach, "Caldwell's a very grumpy, sarcastic, gross person. The name is from Don Rickles. You know, Mr. Warmth. Simmons used to call him Trash Can and Roto-Rooter. He's very filthy."

The Cardinals also thought he was being unsanitary. "He might have been throwing me screwballs," said Hernandez, "but I never saw a screwball drop like that. I didn't ask the umpire to look at the ball because I fouled off all the screwballs, or spitballs. When the balls rolled on the ground, they dried up."

Said Caldwell, "Sometimes it bothers me when I'm accused of throwing a spitter because it detracts from what I've done. But I also take it as a compliment because, evidently, I had pretty good stuff." Caldwell took another pull of his Lite beer. "Right now I'm going to sit back and get as drunk as I want to get."

That the Brewers were drinking Lite and Miller High Life was also something of an upset. The Miller Brewing Compa-

continued



Molitor broke two bats while breaking a Series mark with five hits in the opener.



ny in Milwaukee had 10 cases of each delivered to Busch Stadium, unbeknownst to the top Cardinal management. Said Buddy Bates, attendant in the visitors' clubhouse, "When it came in the door, I walked the other way. Mr. Busch doesn't kid around about stuff like that. I could be collecting unemployment."

Mr. Busch had something else to worry about. His Cardinals were flat.

GAME 2

Herzog assessed the St. Louis chances beforehand. "Their guy has won 280 games, our guy has won nine. Their guy makes \$900,000 a year, our guy makes \$35,000. It don't look too good for us on paper."

It don't look any better on the field in the bottom of the sixth. Milwaukee's Don Sutton, who has actually won 264 games, counting postseason victories, and who actually makes \$700,000, is nursing a 4-2 lead. He has two outs, with a man on third. But he walks the Cardinals' George Hendrick after going 0-2 on him. And now he faces Darrell Porter, once booed in St. Louis, now cheered.

With the count 1-2, Sutton throws Porter, a lefthanded pull hitter, a high outside slider. With the Brewers in a dramatic overshift against him, Porter hits the ball into the leftfield corner to drive in two runs and tie the game. "Porter



With typical Cardinal daring, Oberfell stole second while St. Louis trailed 4-2 in Game 2.

turned the game around," Sutton would say later. "He'll hit that ball down there about as often as Halley's comet comes around, but he did it."

After Porter had gotten his hit, Sutton said something to him. "He told me, 'Nice hitting,'" related Porter. "I nod-

ded to acknowledge the compliment."

Porter's double set the stage for the Cardinals' 5-4 victory, which evened the Series. St. Louis didn't win in a walk, but rather on a walk with the bases loaded in the eighth. Pinch Hitter Steve Braun drew it from Pinch Pitcher Pete Ladd.

Porter was the hitting hero of St. Louis' 5-4 second-game win with a two-run double in the sixth and a single in the decisive eighth.



Reliever Bruce Sutter got credit for the victory after 2½ innings of his usual brilliance.

Herzog was worried before the game that he might never get to use Sutter in the Series, and indeed the Brewers were doing their best to see that he was kept in deep freeze. Charlie Moore doubled in their first run in the second, and Simmons again caused mass schizophrenia, by hitting another solo homer in the third inning off John Stuper, Herzog's \$35,000 starter.

The Cardinals scored their first runs of the Series in the third, the RBIs coming on a ground-rule double by Tommy Herr and a single by Ken Oberkfell. But Milwaukee scored again in the fifth on Yount's double off the left-centerfield wall and Cooper's single.

Four of Sutton's first five innings had been perfect. He caught Herr looking to lend off the sixth, and even after Oberkfell singled, stole second and went to third on Hernandez' long fly to right, there was no reason to believe Sutton couldn't do to the Cards what he had done to the Orioles and Angels in recent crucial games. But then he walked Hendrick and gave up the opposite field double to Porter.

Only a few teams in the National League play Porter to pull as much as the Brewers were doing. Despite that, Porter maintained that the hit was unintentional. "That's the first time in three years I've put a ball in that corner," he said. "It was an accident—I was just trying to get my bat on the ball."

The double was further vindication for Porter, which, incidentally, is the name of a British brew. He hasn't been a popular player in St. Louis since he replaced Simmons two years ago, and averages of .224 in '81 and .231 in '82 hadn't done anything to ease the situation. He was also shaking drug and alcohol addiction. But he has been an excellent handler of pitchers, and he felt he began to hit well in the last weeks of the regular season. Herzog prophesied that Porter would be his most valuable player in the playoffs, and he was.

The Cardinals nearly fell behind again in the seventh. Doug Blair, who pitched well for two innings, gave up a two-out double to Cooper. Herzog didn't hesitate to bring in Sutter, who walked Simmons intentionally and then got Oglivie to hit a high chopper to the right side of second

Ozzie Smith came all the way the way over from shortstop and made a magnificent play to nail Oglivie and end the inning. "It was nothing special," said Smith.

The Brewers found trouble in the eighth. Bob McClure walked Hernandez and failed to cover first on a possible double-play ball hit by Hendrick to Cooper. When Porter then singled up the middle, Milwaukee Manager Harvey Kuenn summoned Ladd, the celebrated turnkey from Cumberland County, Maine with the size 15 E feet.

With the count 3-2 on Lonnie Smith, Ladd threw a fastball that Umpire Bill Haller called a ball. "I thought it hit the outside corner," said Smith. "Frustration!" said Ladd. "The inside edge of the ball caught the outside edge of the plate, if you can figure that out." When Kuenn was later asked what he thought of Haller's call, he said, "Could I just smile and not say anything?"

In any case, the flustered Ladd then threw four straight balls to Braun, and not a one of them was close to the strike zone. "I feel I had nothing to do with it," said Ladd. "I feel I got taken out of the game before I ever pitched to Braun. That's right—taken out of the game when the umpire made a bad call." Simmons, though, refused to put the blame on Haller. "Ball four on Braun is the thing that

beat us," he said. "Ball four on Lonnie Smith did not."

There might have been further damage to the Brewers had a shot toward right, off the bat of the next hitter, Ozzie Smith, not struck Braun on the back of his left heel as he ran between first and second. Two more runs would have

continued



Sutter was the relief St. Louis needed in its win.

Stuper was knocked out of the game, but he got the last laugh on the John Correll Show.



scored. Fortunately for the Cardinals, Sutter retired the Brewers without much trouble in the ninth, thus making Braun's gaffe a footnote, so to speak. "Some of us are born to run," said Braun. "And some of us are born to hit—and walk."

One of the newer Cardinal traditions is the *John Coselli Show*, a mock interview program hosted by Stuper with regular correspondents LaPoint, Labiti, Glenn Brummer and Mike Ramsey. The show runs to the scatological, and the various interrogators use Budweiser bottles as microphones. After Game 2, they took out after Braun. "Steve Braun, the Golden Eyeball," said LaPoint. "Tell us, Steve, how come you can eyeball a fast ball at 90 miles an hour but you can't get your lousy feet out of the way of a ground ball?"

This time the last laugh belonged to St. Louis.

GAME 3

Willie McGee seems to walk with the weight of the world on his shoulders, like Atlas, but he runs like Mercury. He's extremely shy, yet his deeds demand that he stand in the limelight. Once overlooked, now he will be long remembered for his performance as a rookie in the third game of the '82 Series, the first played in Milwaukee.

McGee's display of power came as something of a surprise, because he had hit only four homers in the regular season, and one of those was inside the park.

But on this night he had two home runs, one producing three runs, and made two remarkable catches, one a classic, as St. Louis stunned Milwaukee 6-2. "I don't know of anybody who's ever played a better World Series game than he played tonight," said Herzog.

The game was scoreless in the fifth, with the Cardinals' Joaquin Andujar dueling the Brewers' Pete Vuckovich, when McGee came up with runners on first and third and one out. Vuckovich's first pitch was a weak slider, high and on the inside part of the plate. "I knew when the ball was not four feet from my hand that it was bad," said Vuckovich. "I knew, just like a bowler knows as soon as the ball is out of his hand, that it's not in the pocket, not in the groove." McGee, however, didn't know the ball was going over the rightfield fence when he hit it. "I'd never played in this park before, so I didn't know how well the ball would travel."

In the seventh, with two outs and nobody on, Vuckovich backed McGee off the plate with an inside pitch. "I didn't know if that was a brushback or knock-down pitch, but it got pretty close to me," McGee said. "I barely got out of the way. It's all part of the game." The next pitch was a changeup, and McGee put it into the stands in right. This time he knew the ball was gone. "I've never hit two home runs in a game before," he said. In the process he tied a Se-

ries record for most homers in one game by a rookie with Charley Keller of the '39 Yankees and Tony Kubek of the '57 Yankees.

And then there was McGee's defense. He reached high for a ball that Molitor hit to the 402-foot sign in center in the first inning, but he saved his best catch for the last inning. With the score 6-2, a runner on first and nobody out, Thomas drove a high liner deep to left center. McGee, on the run, timed his leap perfectly and robbed Thomas of a home run. "I thought I might have jumped too soon," he said.

McGee's heroics overshadowed the play of Lonnie Smith, who broke out of his postseason slump—3 for 19 in the playoffs and Series—with a double in the fifth and a triple in the seventh. His hits came as a relief not only to Smith and the Cardinals but to Smith's wife, Pearl, as well. "The last week and a half I've been sleeping three to four hours a night," he said. "When I don't sleep, I toss and I turn and I kick, and I usually wind up kicking my wife, and she loses sleep."

The seventh inning was nearly a nightmare for the Cards. Andujar was working



Third-game hero McGee drove in four runs with his bat and saved two with his glove.



The Brewers didn't get very many hits off Andujar, but when they did, it really hurt.

on a two-hitter when, with one out, Simmons lined a one-hop shot off the pitcher's right leg, just below the knee. It was a frightening sight as Andujar writhed on the ground. "He went down just like a big old oak tree," said Porter. Andujar was taken to Mt. Sinai Medical Center, where X-rays proved negative. Although he showed up at the park the next day on crutches, the Cardinals said he could start a seventh game.

Until his injury, Andujar, who's from the Dominican Republic, was never in serious trouble, except maybe from frostbite. "He always wears shirtsleeves," says Porter, "no matter how cold it is." Andujar is such a creature of habit that he insisted on taking batting practice before the game even though the DH rule was in effect.

When Andujar left the game in the seventh, Herzog brought in Kaat again, then Bair, and then, with the bases loaded, Sutter. Sutter got Moore to pop up to end the inning, as Oberkfell made a courageous and difficult catch on the top steps of the Cardinal dugout. In the eighth the Brewers finally touched Sut-

ter, with a two-run homer by Cooper. Sutter finished the game, but for the first time in four postseason appearances he looked vulnerable. "I thought maybe they'd bring Willie in to pitch," said Herr. "It was his night."

During last year's World Series, nobody noticed when the Yankees traded

McGee from their Nashville Class AA team to St. Louis for journeyman Pitcher Bob Sykes. Even the Cardinals had no idea how good he was. "The first I heard of the trade," says McGee, "was when I read it under the transactions in the

continued



Hold on to your hats, that's Lonnie Smith turning a triple and error into a quadruple.



Oberkfell dug in by the dugout to end a bases-loaded threat by Milwaukee in Game 3.

WORLD SERIES *continued*

newspaper. Nobody called me. I had to call the Yankees two weeks later to find out where I was supposed to go."

The Cards did like what they saw of McGee in spring training, but he was sent down to Louisville before the start of the season. An injury to David Green necessitated his call-up in May, and he simply played too well to be sent down again.

One of the reasons McGee is so easily overlooked is his demeanor. "He sort of looks like he's sorry to be here," says Ramey. "He has an aura of apology about him." Ozzie Smith, who befriended McGee in spring training and offered him lodging in his house when he was called up, says, "I can see how people might miss something about him. He's just very shy. He's really a lovely person."

McGee looked anguished as the Series media besieged him after the game. But he tried to answer each question politely and thoughtfully. "It's just happening too fast," he said. "I'd rather come to the park, play ball and keep a low profile. But that ain't going to happen."

Being in treacherous waters was nothing

new for the Brewers, who now trailed two games to one. Said Thomas, "We were in the same boat in Baltimore at the end of the regular season, the same boat when we went to California in the playoffs, the same boat when we went to St. Louis to play on their rug. We're still riding the same boat whether it's PT-109 or the Love Boat or whatever. When the ship is in the harbor, they try to bomb it. And the submarines are always out there waiting for us." Again, Milwaukee was losing.

GAME 4

It was the seventh-inning stretch, and the Brewers were trailing the Cardinals 5-1 as the fans in County Stadium sang the traditional *Beer Barrel Polka*. The lyrics, "We've got the blues on the run," seemed like a joke.

Thomas popped the ball back to Porter for the second time to start the home half of the seventh. Then Oglivie hit a high hopper to Hernandez, and he fed the ball to LaPoint, who was working on

a five-bitter. LaPoint arrived at first and the ball arrived at LaPoint in plenty of time to record the second out. The ball hit high in the pocket of his glove—but fell out. "It landed like a brick," said LaPoint. "Any other part of the glove and I catch it." Said Oglivie, "At the time, it seemed so unimportant."

But quicker than you can say "Mickey Owen's passed ball," the Brewers had a rally going. "I was sitting next to Harvey on the bench," said Gantner, "and he turned to me and said, 'Hey, maybe that's what we need to get us going.'"

Don Money followed with a broken-bat single to right, and the County Stadium crowd of 56,560 came alive. But Moore popped up to short. With two outs, Gantner came to the plate with a chance to redeem himself. In the second his two-base error had cost the Brewers a run, and in the fifth he had hit into a rally-killing double play on which the only Milwaukee run had scored. This time Gantner lined the first pitch from LaPoint to right center for a double to drive in Oglivie. "I was just trying to make contact," said Gantner. "That was the biggest hit of the inning," said Cooper.

Bair came in to replace LaPoint, and when he ran the count to 3-1 on Molitor, the crowd rose to its feet. Bair walked Molitor to load the bases. Yount tried to



LaPoint missed the point on this fourth-game play and set up a six-run Brewer rally.

check his swing on a 2-1 pitch, but his bat hit the ball and sent it into rightfield for a two-run single. "I'll take it any way I can get it," said Yount. The stadium shook with the football cheer, "Here we go, Brewers, here we go."

After Herzog brought in Kaat, Moltis, standing on third, gestured for the batter, Cooper, to see how deep Oberkfell was playing. Cooper squared to bunt but didn't. Before the next pitch, Oberkfell moved in a step.

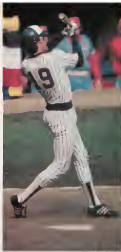
At 2-0, Cooper chopped the ball down the line to Hernandez. Home Plate Umpire Dave Phillips waited for what seemed to be an eternity before calling it foul. "I said, 'Thank you,'" said Cooper. He lined the next pitch off the heel of Oberkfell's glove to drive in the tying run. "I should've had it," said Oberkfell, and he might have—had he been playing deeper.

The stadium was a barrel of fun. The fans roared, and the Brewer players carried on like kids. "We were like a Little League dugout," said Pitcher Jim Slaton, the eventual winner. "Only worse."

When Kaat went to 2-1 on Simmons, Herzog brought in Lahti to intentionally walk Simmons. "I'd pitch to me, too," said Thomas, the next batter. "Why not load the bases? I hadn't been able to buy a hit. I think it was a pretty good move on their part."

This would have been the perfect spot for Herzog to bring in Suter, but he had pitched to too many batters in the Series already. So there was Thomas facing Lahti. "It was an easy situation, really," said Thomas. "Coop had already driven in the tying run. All I needed was a walk or a bloop over the infield to drive in another run." With the count 1-2, Thomas spread his stance and cut down his swing, just looking to lay his bat on the ball. He got a slider up and away and lined it to left-center, driving in Yount and Cooper. Thomas went to second base on the throw, and there was pandemonium. Oglivie was walked intentionally, and Money flew out to left field, but, zing, boom, tarrrrrrel, the Brewers had exploded for a 7-5 lead.

"It was just like an avalanche," said Thomas. "The farther it went, the bigger it got. The fans got into it, and when they do, they can do some damage. They were



Yount checked in with a two-run single.

as much a part of the rally as the players were."

"You create something like that," said Simmons. "I don't know what it is. Maybe it's just an energy force created by the fans, the players. It has its own life."

Until the unlucky seventh, the Cardinals had kept things well under control. They had scored once in the first, on a

double by Oberkfell and a chop single by Hendrick, and three times in the second. The key blow was, of all things, a two-run sacrifice fly. With runners on second and third, Herr sent a ball deep to center. Thomas slipped on the warning track after making the catch, and Ozzie Smith streaked all the way in from second to score, trailing McGee, who had moseyed in from third. "I just wanted to put Tommy (Herr) in the record books," said Thomas when told the two-RBI fly was a Series first.

The Cardinals scored their last run in the sixth on back-to-back doubles by Lonnie Smith and Dane Iorg. When they reached Slaton for a walk and a single in the eighth, Kuenn summoned left-hander McClure. "We wanted to turn Willie McGee around," said Kuenn.

McClure induced the switch-hitting McGee to hit a grounder just to the right of second. Gantner swept it up, stepped on the bag and threw to first for the DP. "If it was hit any other place, there was no way we would've gotten McGee," said Gantner. McClure quickly dispatched the Cards in the ninth, striking out Herr and pinchhitter Gene Tenace on sliders.

"The submarines have drawn back, submerged," said Thomas, continuing his nautical metaphor from the night before. "They've been struck by our depth charges."

continued



Thomas drove in Yount and Cooper to cap the Brewers' 7-5 comeback win in Game 4.

GAME 5

Yount and Milwaukee were both expecting.

The shortstop, who singled twice, doubled and homered in the Brewers' 6-4 victory, was eagerly anticipating the birth of his third child. And the fans were awaiting their city's first world championship in 25 years.

With each Yount at bat, the crowd shouted "Em Vee Pee," and with each at bat he proved them right. In the first inning, he singled and scored the game's first run. In the third, his double set up the Brewers' second run. His single went for naught in the fifth, but in the seventh, his solo home run to rightfield gave Milwaukee a 4-2 lead. As is the way with storybook heroes, he was humble. "I hit the ball pretty good today," he said.

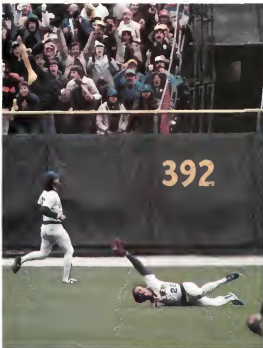
He set a World Series record for most four-hit games (two), and when the fan who caught his home run ball tried to present it to him after the game, Yount said, "No, you can have it. Let me sign it for you."

Yount is not crazy about all the MVP yelling. "It's a little embarrassing," he said. "I appreciate that it's a compliment, but it's something I'm not that concerned about. I just want a world championship." When asked if he would like to win the Series and have his wife, Michele, give birth on the same day, Yount, who batted .521 in the first five games, said, "That would be very nice."

Of course, Yount didn't win the game alone. The Brewers played excellent defense, and Caldwell pitched a gutty, if



Caldwell's second win: a ratty 14-hitter.



Moore robbed Lonnie Smith of an extra-base hit with this diving catch in Game 5.

somewhat motley, game. He allowed 14 hits in 8½ innings before giving way to McClure, who got his second save in as many days.

The Cardinals seemed to take up where they left off in the seventh inning of the fourth game. They made mistakes, both mental and physical, and stranded 12 runners, at least one in every inning. "That's the way this game is," said Porter. "This stupid, great game." Even more discouraging was the performance of Suter, who was again roughed up, this time for two important runs in the eighth.

St. Louis had a chance for an early lead, but in the first inning Lonnie Smith was thrown out trying to steal third just before Hernandez broke his 0-for-15 slump with a single. "If you make the play, it's good," said Herzog of the attempted steal. "If you don't, it's bad."

The Cardinals lost several runs to superb glove work by Milwaukee. In the third, Second Baseman Gantner made a diving stop of a Hendrick single to save a run. In the fourth, Third Baseman Molitor handled a difficult chop to nail McGee and then started a double play on a ball hit by the speedy Ozzie Smith. In the fifth, Rightfielder Moore made a diving backhanded stab of Lonnie Smith's liner to right center. Smith said he would have had an inside-the-park homer had Moore missed the ball. In the seventh, Cooper made a terrific diving stop on Porter's ball with two men on and two

continued

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Cooper swooped, then threw to kill a rally.

out. In the ninth, Molitor made another nice play, his throw beating Lonnie Smith by a step at first. "You read all about their hitting," said Hernandez, "but they've got it all around. They've played great defense this whole Series. They've got a bunch of gamers."

The Brewer hitters kept pecking away at Forsch, scoring their runs in the first and third on grounders to Hernandez. In the fifth, Moore led off with a double, and Molitor singled him home. But the Brewers left the bases loaded that inning and were within easy reach of the Cards until Yount hit Forsch's 2-1 outside fast-ball into the rightfield seats.

Sutter entered in the eighth, some would say a day too late. "I used him to-night because I wanted to stay close and take a shot at it," said Herzog. The Milwaukee fans were so cocky they were shouting, "We want Sutter! We want Sutter!" They got him, all right. After a single and a walk put runners on first and second with two out, Sutter allowed singles to Moore and Gantner, and the Brewers had a 6-2 lead.

With one out in the final inning, Caldwell gave up back-to-back doubles to Green and Hernandez and a single to Hendrick, making the score 6-4. Mr. Warmth, pitching in his shirtsleeves, excited to a standing O. "He's the kind of pitcher who can pitch a three-hitter or

a 14-hitter and look the same," said Simmons.

Porter greeted McClure with a single, but then McClure got McGee to swing at and miss a two-strike breaking ball and induced pinch-hitter Tenace to fly to Oglivie in left to end the game.

The fans poured over the fences, turning somersaults, spinning cartwheels and hugging the outfield turf. They called for the Brewers to come back out, and Kuenn, Moore, Caldwell and Yount responded. They could get only as far as the

top step of the dugout. "They're nice people but they're like a wave," said Yount. "You can't stop them."

Herzog tried to downplay the importance of the crowd. "They didn't get any hits," he said. "Maybe not," said Kuenn when told of Herzog's remark, "but I'm sure glad they're on our side."

The Cardinals were relieved to be returning to St. Louis, where almost everyone was on their side, because it looked as though they would need all the help they could get.

END



Oblivious to warnings of possible injury, Brewer fans celebrated the Game 5 victory.

A Throwback To The Olden Days

Ohio State beat Illinois, striking a blow for tradition in a new Big Ten

by JOHN PAPANKE



Things were so much simpler when it was the Big Two and the Little Eight. Late each November you could find out all you needed to know about the Big Ten by watching Ohio State and Michigan have at one another like a couple of angry elephants, and that was that. But now. . . . Now that Iowa has gone to the Rose Bowl, now that Northwestern is next to unbeatable, now that the conference is the Big Ten again, the old and the new keep getting mixed up and everybody's a little confused.

Take last Saturday's game between Ohio State and Illinois. The Illini (5-1) were favored by 5½ over the Buckeyes (2-3), losers of three straight games for only the fifth time in this century, an accomplishment that had Coach Earle Bruce looking over his shoulder. Illinois favored? Ohio State a doormat? What in the name of Wayne Woodrow Hayes was going on here? What were 73,488 fans—the largest crowd in Memorial Stadium in 36 years—doing there in old Champaign-Urbana? What's that? The mailing address is Urbana-Champaign? Why, they even changed the name of the place!

Not only that, but the Illini and Buckeyes unveiled a new kind of football game Saturday afternoon: best two out of three falls. Things are really different in the Big Ten these days. In the first round, which went about 38 minutes, old Ohio State, with its 248-pound classic tank of a fullback, Vaughn Broadnax, leading the way for Tailback Tim Spencer, beat up an old Illinois in the traditional way. And the Buckeyes got ahead even with freshman Kicker Rich Spangler missing three easy field goals. There were also four passes from sophomore Quarterback Mike Tomczak to his veteran receivers which, had they been caught, could have

On Schlichter's advice, Tomczak played "his" game and hit for 247 yards and a TD.

made the field-goal attempts unnecessary. As it was, the first two Buckeye TDs during this span came more as a result of lax Illini defense than any indomitable Ohio State charge. One was a 74-yard Tomczak-to-Cedric Anderson pass and run, the other a 44-yard right-end sweep by Spencer—who gained 151 yards on the day. Score the round Ohio State 21, Illinois 7.

In the second round, about 18 minutes long, new Illinois, with its California golden boy Quarterback Tony Eason, Champaign Tony, loosened up and throwing on three of every five downs—his 25 completions in 44 attempts for 284 yards and two touchdowns on the afternoon were right around his season's average—made new Ohio State look just as bad as Wisconsin, Florida State and Stanford had made the Buckeyes look in the previous three weeks. In hooking up with Mike Martin for a touchdown (the one in the first round) and with Kirby Wilson for another and then executing a brilliantly set-up three-play TD drive on the ground against Ohio State's thoroughly confused 3-8 defense, Eason gave the homecoming crowd all that it expected—or almost all.

The combatants were now locked in a 21-21 tie, and it looked like another chorus of bye-bye Bruce would be sung back in Columbus when Illinois Safety Dave Edwards intercepted a Tomczak pass at the Ohio State 41 midway through the fourth quarter. This time, though, Eason could not advance the ball. That hardly seemed to matter as barefoot Illini Mike Bass's 56-yard field-goal attempt with 5:56 left went soaring toward its mark. "If I had kicked it from five yards farther back [that would have been 61 yards!] it would've drifted through," said Bass. As it happened, the ball collided with the right upright, and bounced the wrong way for Illinois. Score the round Illinois 14, Ohio State 0.

In the third and deciding round, taking up all but three seconds of the final 3:52, the best of the old and the new Ohio State combined for a 14-play, 69-yard drive against the best defense that the new Illinois could put up. That march ended with a 27-yard field goal by Spangler, and that turned out to be the game-winner. Illini Coach Mike White, who with his team in the conference



Running like a Buckeye back of yore, Spencer look off on a 44-yard touchdown gallop.

driver's seat (4-0) had been quite prepared to accept a tie, watched his defense being picked apart. Here was Tomczak, a beleaguered quarterback of a beleaguered team—a 36% passer going into the game—making like Art Schlichter, whose graduation last spring has been, al-

most by itself, the reason for this season's Buckeye downfall. "The coaches told us they had quarterback problems," said Illinois Safety Charles Armistead, "but Tomczak kept finding all our seams."

Seemed like old times—at least the score did—with Ohio State winning

continued



Anderson opened the Ohio State scoring with a 74-yard pass reception for a TD.



Though often beleaguered by Buckeyes such as Rowland Tatum (above), Eason rallied the Illini by passing for two TDs.

26-21, the extra two points coming on a safety when Eason was tackled in his own end zone on the game's final play.

Bruce tried to act like all was well again, but his was a thin smile. Had he won? Or had he just saved himself for another week? "We're Ohio State," he said, "and we travel well." What? That hardly sets the Buckeyes apart from the Ringling Brothers Circus, which also travels well.

"I can't tell you the problem because we can't pinpoint it," Bruce had said during a week of Haynesian-style closed practices. "I'll tell you this, though, some of our fans could use a few lessons in manners." Bruce was referring to the many instances of booing in Ohio Stadium in recent weeks, and the chanting of "We Want Woody!"—can't imagine why—

while the Bucks were dropping those three in a row. The most crushing loss of all was the first one, 23-20 to Stanford, which could easily have been blamed—and generally was—on the now infamous Bruce's Boner. Bruce called for a pass play on second-and-12 with the Buckeyes holding a 20-16 lead and 1:38 remaining. What three things can happen when you pass? How many of them are bad? If Woody said it once.... Sure enough, Stanford intercepted, and Quarterback John Elway led the Cardinal to the winning touchdown. "One more loss and it was going to be Lynch Earle time," said Ohio State *Lantern* Sports Editor Mike Pramlik. Plans were under way for a massive campus protest march. A protest march against the Ohio State football coach! Woody would have put down that idea with the Ohio National Guard.

Bruce was hardly a beloved figure in Columbus even before this year's disaster, despite three fine seasons: 11-0 before a Rose Bowl loss to USC in 1979, his rookie season in Columbus after six years at Iowa State; and 9-3 in both '80 and

'81. It's not that Bruce isn't enough like Woody—who could be? It's just that Bruce is, well, no fun. Many coaches keep tight rein on their players, but Bruce goes farther than that. Players aren't allowed to talk to the press if they haven't played. When Tomczak's confidence needed shoring up after the Stanford interception, instead he was benched in favor of junior Brent Offenbecher, who hadn't played a down for the Buckeyes and who threw four interceptions in the losses to Florida State (34-17) and Big Ten rival Wisconsin (6-0).

It was all too obvious that the Buckeyes missed Schlachter terribly. What happened to the four great quarterbacks Bruce had recruited to replace him? One Columbus reporter wanted to find out and asked permission to interview Tomczak and Offenbecher, plus freshman Jim Karsatos, a big California passer, and junior Tim Stephens. Bruce blew up. The reporter could talk with the two who had played, but not with Karsatos or Stephens. "They have nothing to say," said Bruce. "They're not news yet. They'll be news when they play."

But the news is the quarterback situation because, other than Schlachter, virtually everyone else is back from Bruce's 9-3 teams. Schlachter was a first-round draft choice of the Baltimore Colts, and before the NFL strike, he was playing backup to fellow rookie Mike Pagel of Arizona State. Though Schlachter has never acknowledged it publicly, people close to the Buckeyes say there was a constant struggle between Bruce and the quarterback.

"When Woody recruited him, he promised to build the offense around Arthur's talents," said Schlachter's father, Max, last week. "When Earle came in, that went out the window. The offense isn't built around the quarterback at Ohio State."

What's wrong, then, with the Buckeyes? "There are a lot of starters back," said Max. "Draw your own conclusions." In case you have trouble: "It's obvious they miss Arthur more than they thought they would."

Was, or is, Bruce's job in trouble? No one in the Buckeye hierarchy would say yes last week, but no one would come forth with a vote of confidence, either. For his part, Bruce said, "There's always a lot of pressure when you've lost three in a row in Columbus, Ohio." Only he

continued

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would know, because in the 92 years of Buckeye football, Bruce's winless streak on consecutive Saturdays at home is unique.

White was naturally concerned about facing Ohio State after the Buckeyes' three straight losses. He hadn't beaten Ohio State in his two previous seasons at Illinois, but in the '80 game Dave Wilson, the first of White's California junior college-bred quarterbacks, threw for an NCAA-record 621 yards and got a standing ovation at Columbus. "That really told the Big Ten and the country who we were and what kind of football they should be expecting out of us," says White.

White, 46, a fast-talking, young-looking Californian, was a protégé of John Ralston at Stanford, a Bill Walsh assistant with the San Francisco 49ers and head coach at Cal. And what he brought to Illinois and the Big Ten was the wide-open passing offense he had learned in the wild west, along with a cadre of California J.C. transfers to run it. "Now wait a minute," says White, somewhat defen-

sively. "I didn't just drive a truck in here filled with jukes." But that is precisely what he did. Along with tough Chicago kids—like Tackle Mark Butkus, nephew of Chicago Bear Hall of Fame Middle Linebacker Dick—came 20 California flashes from such bastions of higher education as Pasadena City College, Los Angeles Harbor J.C., Long Beach C.C. Let the Illinois boys do some line work and headbunting; let the California kids do the throwing, and catching; let the Big Ten do all the griping it wanted. That was White's feeling.

And indeed the Big Ten struck back. Right away it jumped all over Illinois, questioning the matter of Wilson's eligibility, combing through transcripts. The conference said Wilson would have to sit out for a year. Wilson said the heck with that, filed suit and got a court injunction that allowed him to play. The Big Ten retaliated by slapping the Illini with three years' probation, a two-year ban on post-season play for all men's teams and the withholding of all conference TV revenue for two years (a sum of more than

\$1 million). Illinois appealed. Later the penalties were reduced to two years' probation, with the provision that it could be cut to one year for good behavior (it was), a one-year ban on bowl appearances and the withholding of TV revenues for a year.

Some of the newer coaches in the conference liked White's move, though. During the Wilson ordeal, Iowa's Hayden Fry, who had polished his skills at North Texas State and SMU before coming to Iowa in 1979, told White he was sorry and he hoped things would work out for Wilson. Says Fry, "Mike said, 'That's okay, Hayden, because I have a guy redshirted who can throw the ball better than Wilson.' I thought he was crazier than hell."

That redshirt turned out to be Eason, whom White had signed out of



At home, Bruce has had to tune out boos.

American River, a junior college located in Sacramento.

Champaign Tony. You expect, perhaps, to find a tall, dark and suave youth. What you get is Dennis the Menace with brains. "What am I supposed to look like?" he asks innocently. And then, after the game, just as innocently, he says, "Everything I saw on film Ohio State did. We tried to mix them up with some running in the second half and it worked, but when we had to move the ball for the winning score we just couldn't do it. They were playing six and seven defensive backs. I don't know, I really thought we could win it."

The quarterback was indeed the story on Saturday, but instead of Champaign Tony, it turned out to be Ohio State's baby-faced Tomczak—14 of 34, 247 yards, his best game ever—who directed the winning drive. "Art [Schlichter] came out last week, and I spent most of Sunday with him," Tomczak said. "We went to the stadium and threw the ball a little and had a good time. Art told me to relax and play my game—worry about myself. I had something to prove to the fans. I didn't know if that was me. I've always been a team player. But it worked."

Much to Earle Bruce's relief.



Illinois' White has added a California touch to the Big Ten.

Jim Thorpe's Olympic gold medals at last have been restored, but for Thorpe's family all won't be right till his body lies in ancestral ground
by **JACK McCALLUM**

Jim Thorpe lived a life of high triumph and bitter despair, both of which pursue him today, almost 30 years after his death. The decision last week by the executive board of the International Olympic Committee to restore his amateur status was most gratifying to his descendants and fans. Yet it contained the futility of all posthumous gestures and thus served to remind us that the political arm twisting that led to Thorpe's reinstatement should have been done while he was still alive.

Though he never publicly pined—pinning had no place in his hard-boiled nature—for the two gold medals that were taken away from him after the 1912 Olympics, members of Thorpe's family agree that his life would have been brighter without the shadow cast by the loss of the medals, on a charge of professionalism. Thorpe could have used one fewer shadow; the bottle had caused him unhappiness enough.

But even as one chapter closes on the strange and sad Thorpe saga, another remains open: that of his restless soul. His body lies in a small town called Jim Thorpe in northeastern Pennsylvania, which was Mauch Chunk when Thorpe was alive. Thorpe presumably didn't know of the town, and almost certainly he never visited it. His third wife, the late Patricia Askew Thorpe, handled the burial arrangements, and as we shall see, they were odd arrangements indeed.



The Regilding Of A Legend



Thorpe's sons and daughters, meanwhile, say that his soul is doomed to wander until he is returned to his native Oklahoma and given a proper Indian burial.

No one on either side—the citizenry of Jim Thorpe or the Thorpe family—is hurling epithets at the other. Indeed, the strongest feelings of divisiveness have come from within the town itself, where some people want nothing to do with the Thorpe legacy. No member of the Thorpe family disputes the fact that the town has a clear legal claim to Thorpe's remains. The family simply believes the town should willingly give up Thorpe's body because he wanted to be buried with his Indian ancestors. Town officials, on the other hand, have no intention of surrendering the body and altering the contract they made 28 years ago with Patricia Thorpe, which stipulated that as long as the town is named Jim Thorpe, the body of Jim Thorpe shall remain there.

At this point, there's no reason to believe that Thorpe's body will be moved. But for 70 years there was no reason to believe that Thorpe's amateur status would be changed, either. Two people deserve primary credit for that: author-historian Robert W. Wheeler and arm twister William E. Simon, president of the United States Olympic Committee.

It was 15 years ago that the 38-year-old Wheeler first became interested in Thorpe, the magnificent natural athlete who excelled at collegiate and pro football, major league baseball and track and field, and was named the athlete of the half century by the Associated Press. Wheeler has spent a lot of time and money trying to rewrite one aspect of Thorpe's history. His efforts were rewarded on Oct. 13, when the IOC decision came down. Even after Wheeler's biography of Thorpe (longingly entitled *Pathway to Glory* and later reissued as *Jim Thorpe: World's Greatest Athlete*) was published in 1975, Wheeler continued to uncover the circumstances of Thorpe's disqualification. At first, Wheeler worked part time on Thorpe projects out of his home in Alexandria, Va. Last February he and his wife, Florence Ridlon, established the Jim Thorpe

Foundation with an office in Washington. They are the foundation's only full-time employees.

Had it not been for the politics of international amateur athletics, Wheeler would not have had to work so hard to get Thorpe reinstated. Details vary from account to account, but both of Thorpe's chief biographers, Wheeler and Jack Newcombe (*The Best of the Athletic Boys*) agree on the major points.

In the summers of 1909 and 1910, Thorpe received either \$2 a game (Wheeler) or \$25 to \$35 a week (Newcombe) for playing semipro baseball for the Rocky Mount and Fayetteville, N.C. entries in the Eastern Carolina Association. It was a common enough practice for collegians in those days. Unlike some of the other players, however, Thorpe used his real name, either because he was ignorant of the rules of amateurism (Wheeler) or because he had no intention of returning to the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian School in the fall of 1910 (Newcombe). Indeed, after leaving Carlisle in 1909, he didn't go back to the school until the fall of 1911.

With his semipro baseball career apparently only a memory, Thorpe made the U.S. team for the Olympic Games at Stockholm in 1912. There he became the only athlete ever to win both the pentathlon and the decathlon. (The events of the decathlon were the same then as now. The pentathlon consisted of the long jump, javelin, 200 meters, discus and 1,500 meters.) The big pre-Games American hope, Avery Brundage, who later served as president of the IOC for 20 years, finished sixth (counting Thorpe as the winner) in the pentathlon and 15th in the decathlon.

Whether those results had anything to do with Brundage's later intransigence on the subject of restoring the medals to Thorpe is a matter of conjecture, but there's no doubt that on the subject of amateurism Brundage was nothing if not stone consistent. Wheeler remembers with bitterness a short interview with Brundage when he was writing his biography of Thorpe.

Wheeler: "Why do you resist all efforts to restore Thorpe's medals?"

Brundage: "You don't know much about the law, do you kid?"

Wheeler: "What do you mean?"

Brundage: "Ignorance is no excuse."

Indeed, it was not. Soon after the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram broke the story in January of 1913 that Thorpe had

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JIM THORPE
FORMERLY MAUCH CHUNG
FOUNDED 1818
VISIT HISTORIC
ASA PACKER MANSION
AND MORE ATTRACTIONS



Motorists aren't told of Jim Thorpe, Pa.'s most unusual attraction: Thorpe's grave.

played baseball for pay, the AAU voted to "secure the return of prizes and readjustment of points won by him [Thorpe], and will immediately eliminate his records from the books."

No one disputed that Thorpe had violated his amateur standing, but as Wheeler would persistently point out years later, there were many extenuating circumstances. In researching the bylaws of the 1912 Olympiad in the Library of Congress, for example, Ridlon uncovered

continued

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ered the fact that "objections to the qualification of a competitor [must be] ... received by the Swedish Olympic Committee before the lapse of 30 days." The newspaper story that led to Thorpe's loss of amateur status didn't appear until six months after the Olympics.

Wheeler also reminded the IOC that it was the AAU, and not the IOC, that had originally ruled that Thorpe was a pro. The AAU changed its position on

the professionalism story broke, and that with the official backing of the school, which Warner no doubt could have obtained for Thorpe, he would have had a better chance of being exonerated.

Until Simon came along, the biggest barrier Wheeler faced was the uncompromising attitude of the IOC, which had turned down a 1975 USOC request to restore Thorpe's medals. Among the most unyielding committee members were the two American representatives, Julian K. Roosevelt and Douglas E. Roby. As late as a month before the IOC turnaround, Roosevelt showed a remarkable ignorance of the particulars of the case. He didn't know, for example, that the AAU and the USOC had reversed themselves on Thorpe's status.

"I don't care who he [Wheeler] gets on a petition," said Roosevelt in early September. "He's spinning his wheels."

Roby, for his part, worried that Thorpe's family was pushing for reinstatement of the medals for commercial reasons. He had heard that they wanted to "open up a museum or something and charge admission." He said he would not push for reinstatement, either.

According to Wheeler, Roosevelt softened his position somewhat in a telephone conversation they had on Sept. 30, just before Roosevelt left for an IOC executive board meeting in Lausanne, Switzerland. Roosevelt pledged that he would try to get the Thorpe issue on the agenda for the full IOC meeting scheduled for January in Los Angeles.

But Simon's goal was more specific: "I went to the meeting in Lausanne with two purposes in mind," Simon said last week. "To settle a wrestling dispute and to get Jim Thorpe's medals returned. And both of them were done."

As president of the USOC, Simon isn't a member of the IOC but wields a powerful influence in its deliberations. He has the ear of Juan Antonio Samaranch, the president of the IOC. And as a veteran political power broker—he served as secretary of the treasury under Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford—Simon knows how to get things done, i.e., get your man alone and make a deal.

Simon made it clear to Samaranch that he wanted Thorpe's name cleared. So did USOC Executive Director F. Don Miller, who had advocated the return of the medals for several years. Samaranch got the message, and perhaps down the

road Simon will have to repay the debt on some other issue. It was Samaranch who brought up the resolution to restore Thorpe's amateur status at a meeting of the nine-member executive committee, and it was Samaranch who saw that it got through without a hitch. Roosevelt had nothing to do with the resolution's passage, other than to vote for it.

A reporter in Lausanne asked Samaranch why it had taken so long to change Thorpe's status. "I don't know," he said. "For the first time since I became president we studied this problem, and we solved it in two hours."

The committee isn't asking that the original medals be returned by the heirs of Ferdinand Bie of Norway (pentathlon) and Hugo Wieslander of Sweden (decathlon), the runners-up who advanced when Thorpe was disqualified; rather, the IOC will issue duplicate medals to Thorpe's heirs. (The originals are gone, anyway. Descendants of both Bie and Wieslander say the medals were stolen. Perhaps there's a curse on them.) A less tidy decision is the committee's verdict that the record books continue to recognize Bie and Wieslander as winners. "We will just add Thorpe's name as co-champion," says Samaranch. That's in the worst tradition of asterisk record keeping. If Thorpe's status is truly to be restored, then he should be declared the clear winner.

But the long battle for his medals and his honor is over and, for the most part, won. The battle for his body, however, goes on.

The plaque is almost impossible to spot from the road. Even Jim Thorpe's son Jack, the 45-year-old chief of the Sac and Fox Tribe, who has been this way countless times before, misses it and has to back up the car. He's driving along a dirt road in a section of south central Oklahoma known as Eckontuske Bottom, about 16 miles northeast of Shawnee, the town Jim Thorpe listed as his birthplace. Twenty miles the other way is Stroud, site of the Sac and Fox tribal offices.

Jack gets out of the car, walks over to a barbed-wire fence and rips some brush out of the way. Bolted to a concrete post is the small plaque erected in 1970 by the Cimarron Valley Historical Society. It reads in part:

ABOUT 300 YARDS NORTHEAST OF THIS MARKER STOOD THE LOG CABIN OF HIRIAM



Simon really knows how to twist an arm.

Thorpe in 1973, and the USOC did the same two years later. Wheeler argued that an IOC reversal should logically follow the AAU's.

The role of Glenn (Pop) Warner, Thorpe's coach at Carlisle, was another factor in his being disqualified. According to Joe Libby, a Carlisle teammate of Thorpe's interviewed by Wheeler, it was Warner who had suggested that Thorpe, Libby and Jesse Youngdeer play in Rocky Mount. Newcombe agrees with Wheeler's contention that Warner didn't support Thorpe strongly enough when

AND CHARLOTTE THORPE. HERE ON MAY 28, 1881, WERE BORN THE TWIN SONS, JAMES FRANCIS "JIM" AND CHARLES. JIM WAS TO BECOME ONE OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES IN ALL HISTORY.

The land isn't owned by the Thorpe family anymore. Indeed, it wasn't Thorpe property when Jim was a boy, but rather an "allotment" of land that was doled out to Hiram—accepted as the correct spelling, the plaque notwithstanding—and Charlotte by the General Allotment Act of 1887, a federal law that granted the use of land to Indians. Jack drives up the road a little and then gets out of the car to unlatch a rundown gate to Hiram's allotment.

"You can still see the foundation of Hiram's old shop over there," says Jack. "He was a blacksmith. And right where I'm standing, on top of this ridge, is where my father's house was. Our people always built their houses on a ridge to get the wind." Indeed, a soft breeze picks that moment to break the intense afternoon heat of late August.

There's nothing to indicate that the man whom most people consider to have been America's greatest athlete was born at this place 94 years ago. David Perkins, who sharecropped on the property, doesn't think that's peculiar. "He wasn't thought that well of around here," says Perkins. "I don't agree with the people—and I'm somewhat of a student of Thorpe's history—but people around here said, 'Oh, he was just another crazy Indian.'" In fact, there's nothing in the way of Jim Thorpe memorabilia in this area of Oklahoma, except for a display of assorted photographs, a painting, newspaper clippings and a bust at the Sac and Fox museum. Even Thorpe's own people voted last January to change the name of the Jim Thorpe Memorial Park to the Sac and Fox Park. "It was just a way to get back at me," says Jack. "There's a lot of jealousy over the Thorpe name around here."

Nonetheless, the country around Thorpe's birthplace is very peaceful, alive with the sounds of insects and birds. A herd of cattle grazes nearby. The best way to navigate around the allotment is with your eyes down to avoid the burs and the cowhairs.

The property is posted against hunting, but Jack admits that doesn't mean much to him. He still comes over often to hunt and fish. "Signs?" he says laughing. "It's one of the Indians' bad habits. We

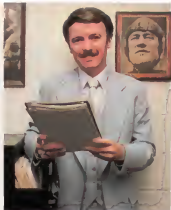
Wheeler (right) got no aid from Brundage and U.S. reps on the IOC, but Riddion found help for Thorpe in the Library of Congress.

don't pay much attention to signs." Maybe that's why Jim had such trouble getting along in the white man's world. Maybe he never paid enough attention to the signs.

Hiram is buried about a mile away from the allotment, in the community cemetery across the street from Garden Grove Missionary Baptist Church. His grave is surrounded by those of a dozen or so other Thorpes. Jack marches to the northeast corner of the cemetery and indicates an area of ground. "Right here would be a good spot for Dad," he says. "It's nice and cool, near his family, near the woods, near where he was born. He'd like it." Jack stretches out his hands as if to visualize his father's tombstone.

"According to the Indian religion, our dead have to be laid to rest between sunrise and noon on the third day after death. We believe this has to be done properly to release the spirit. Otherwise, the spirit roams until it's released. Dad's been dead almost 30 years, and his spirit is still roaming." To communicate with him, several of the clan gathered on Sac and Fox land last summer for a "ghost feast."

Jim's seven children all want the body back in Oklahoma. Grace, 60, and Gail, 64, who live together in Tahlequah, Okla., and Charlotte, 63, who lives in Phoenix, were born to Jim and his first wife, Iva Miller Thorpe. Four sons were the product of his second marriage, to Freeda Kirkpatrick, the only one of Thorpe's three wives still alive. They are: Jack; Carl Phillip, 55, a retired Army lieutenant colonel who works for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington; Richard, 48, a government worker in Oklahoma City; and William, 54, who is with an aircraft company in Dallas. Jim and his third wife, Patricia, had no children. To varying degrees, all the children blame Patricia for the unrestful state of Thorpe's soul. "Look, I don't have anything against the people of Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania," says Jack. "They did what they thought was right. But I don't see where it would hurt them if they didn't have the body. No matter what the motives of anybody, it comes down to the



same thing—Dad's body was sold as a tourist attraction."

In Jim Thorpe, Pa., Johnny Otto agrees, but from a different perspective. "All we got here is a dead Indian," he says.

Otto, a former railroad man like many of his drinking buddies, has uttered that sentiment from a stool in the town's unofficial center of anti-Thorpe feeling, Al Weikner's Hotel Switzerland bar, located on Hazard Square, across from the Carbon County Court House and hard

continued



by the Sunrise Diner. For miles around, it is simply known as Weiksner's.

Weiksner (pronounced Weeks-ner) is no stranger to publicity or attention. The 1970 movie *The Molly Maguires* was filmed in and around Jim Thorpe, and one of the bar's nightly patrons was Richard Harris. "You didn't see Sean Connery much, though," says Weiksner. Every out-of-town writer eventually finds his way to Weiksner's to soak up the local color, which comes at you like the rat-a-tat-tat of a tommy gun. You cannot get an amaretto sour at Weiksner's, and you'd better not ask for one, but you can get a cold beer and a cheap shot, and the locals reckon Weiksner has made plenty of money serving both.



Weiksner is a first cousin of Pete Gray, the former St. Louis Browns outfielder (the one-armed one), but he's not particularly proud of it. "He was a baseball man," says Weiksner, "and I couldn't care less about that. For me, it's football. Always has been." Al can reach into an old cabinet behind the bar and pluck out a leather helmet from the '20s, a torn jersey from the '30s or a frazzled program from the '40s. When you're a football fan and you've been tending bar in the same town for nearly 50 years, as Weiksner has, your life takes on a museum quality.

But nowhere in Weiksner's treasure house of gridiron memories is there a place for the Indian running back from Carlisle. In Weiksner's and in other pockets of regret throughout the community, Thorpe is indeed just a dead Indian. To know how that sentiment evolved, one must know something about the town, something about how Thorpe lived his life, and something about his wife, Patricia.

That Thorpe was unlucky in love was probably inevitable. An Indian woman from the reservation might have endured his lengthy absences, his drinking, his ignoring most familial responsibilities, but his transgressions were too much for Iva (married 1913, divorced 1923) and Freeda (married 1925, divorced 1941).

"It was like the problems a person from one nationality would have whenever he or she married someone from another nationality," says Freeda, 77, who

This plaque almost obscured by weeds marks Thorpe's birthplace; Jack wants his father to be buried near Hiram's grave.



lives in Arlington, Texas. "It was mainly the drinking. I could adjust to him being away and things like that—I was very self-sufficient—but the drinking was the real problem."

On June 2, 1945, Thorpe married Patricia, a native of Louisville, who was running a bar in San Pedro, Calif. She died in 1974 in Banning, Calif., where she was managing a nursing home, and left no mourners among the Thorpe progeny. "Truthfully, I can't say one good word about her," says Jack.

Carl will allow her this: "She was a very assertive person. She was able to get Dad money for personal appearances and things that he was doing for free." Carl will also say this: "But though there was more money around the house, it seemed to me that it was going to her for things like diamond rings and furs. As far as Dad was concerned, as long as he had a buck for the next day, he was fine. Patsy wasn't like that."

At any rate, it was Patricia who controlled the destiny of Jim's body when he died after a third heart attack in his house trailer in Loomis, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles, on March 28, 1953, two months shy of his 65th birthday. He was probably not a pauper, as many believe. Patricia gave Wheeler access to all of Thorpe's private papers before she died, and Wheeler says he saw receipts from speaking engagements in 1951 for as much as \$500. Thorpe was living in a trailer because he liked the mobility; indeed, he had been a man in a trailer, literally and figuratively, for most of his life, California was just another stop.

In keeping with his wishes, at first it appeared that Thorpe would be buried in the Garden Grove cemetery. A committee raised \$2,500 to bring his body from California, and \$25,000 was appropriated in the Oklahoma State Senate to build a permanent memorial near the gravesite. But the bill was unexpectedly vetoed by then Governor William H. Murray. "He just double-crossed us," says Ross Porter, the former general manager-editor of the *Shawnee News Star*, who headed the memorial committee. "He had assured us he'd O.K. the bill, but then he backed out."

Actually, the idea of burying Thorpe among his ancestors had been anathema to Patricia from the beginning. In the middle of a burial ceremony the Sac and Fox were holding for Thorpe at Shaw-

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JIM THORPE *continued*

nee, Patricia drove up with a hearse and took Jim's body away to a crypt she had rented in another Shawnee cemetery. "It was a slap in the face to all the Indian people," says Jack. "She never accepted us." Patricia eventually moved the body

to Tulsa when the rent on the crypt in Shawnee became overdue.

Patricia had decided to get her husband buried in her own way and set off across the country to find what she considered to be a fitting memorial. There's every indication she was doing some fortune hunting, too.

In a publicity shot for the Thorpe Memorial foundation, Bell, fund raiser Thomas Hart, Patricia Thorpe rallied around their hero.

Even today, 74 years after Thorpe first earned All-American honors playing under Warner, Carlisle, Pa. seems like the logical resting place for him. Carlisle and Thorpe, Thorpe and Carlisle—you can't think of one without the other. The town of Carlisle did indeed want the body. When the Warner Bros. film *Jim Thorpe—All American* premiered there in 1951, a local committee headed by John B. Fowler tried to strike an agreement on burial rights with Thorpe and his wife. The committee had even decided on a burial site near the field where Thorpe used to play. "Pat just wanted too much money," says Fowler, now a resident of Charlottesville, Va. "We felt like we were getting in a bidding war. We tried, even after he died, but her price was too high."

Patricia's journey eventually brought her to Philadelphia, where she intended to talk to Bert Bell, then the NFL commissioner and a longtime friend of her husband's. But in her hotel room one evening she heard a story on the television news about a small town 90 miles north that was asking its residents to pledge a nickel a week to create an industrial development fund. A town with such spunk and drive, thought Patricia, should be called Jim Thorpe.

The town's name at that time was Mauch (pronounced Mock) Chunk, which comes from a Lenni-Lenape Indian word *macht tschunk*, meaning "bear mountain." Actually, there were two distinct towns at the time, Mauch Chunk and East Mauch Chunk. The towns were separated by a deep gorge cut by the Lehigh River and by an even deeper enmity. Nobody seems to remember exactly why the Chunks couldn't get along, but each section had its own schools, churches, municipal services and fierce loyalties.

Some people in the communities thought it was time to patch up the differences, and the Nickel-a-Week Fund was part of that new feeling. A consolidated name was an obvious step, too. So

continued



Thorpe's red granite mausoleum was built with \$10,000 from the Nickel-a-Week Fund.



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a stranger peddling a name change came along at the right time. Patricia also found the right person—Joe Boyle, the energetic editor of what was then the Mauch Chunk Times-News. Boyle had organized the Nickel-and-Weck Fund and written editorials in his paper about the need for consolidation.

It was in late September 1953, about six months after Thorpe's death, that Patricia offered Boyle the body in exchange for the name change. At first Boyle thought the idea preposterous, but it started to grow on him for three reasons: A totally new name was a way to appease both sides in the Chunk dispute; there was the possibility that Thorpe's body could give the town a boost; and he thought the town could give the Indian a proper eternal home.

Lord knows Mauch Chunk needed a boost about as badly as Thorpe needed a resting place. A century before, it had been a booming transportation center through which passed trains filled with anthracite coal, the primary source of energy and heat at the time. The Switchback railroad, an ingenious gravity-rail system built in 1827 by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co., carried anthracite from Summit Hill, nine miles north, to Mauch Chunk. From Chunk, the Lehigh Valley and New Jersey Central railroads then took the coal to ports in Philadelphia or New York City.

There was money to be made in Mauch Chunk in those days, and the railroad barons made it. Any Chunker who knows his local history can tell you that 13 millionaires once lived along Broadway, Mauch Chunk's main thoroughfare.

And there was the natural beauty of the area. Tucked in among the mountains, with its own falls (the Glen Onoko) and its own river (the Lehigh), Mauch Chunk called itself the "Switzerland of America." John Jacob Astor and his bride honeymooned there, several Presidents stayed in the town, and Teddy Roosevelt once praised the beauty of Mauch Chunk in a speech. But the millionaires were long gone by 1953, hard coal having been replaced by petroleum. Nothing typified the lost prosperity of the town better than the fate of the Switchback railroad, which was sold for scrap to the Japanese in 1937. "We got it all back at Pearl Harbor" is a favorite line around Weikner's.

It was time for the Chunks to make a



Pickles Pry asks the big question at Weikner's.

move, and there was hope in Patricia's plan, or so it seemed. The National Fraternal Order of Eagles, to which Thorpe had belonged, supposedly promised Patricia it would finance a memorial. There was talk of the Pro Football Hall of Fame coming to town if Thorpe's body were there. There was talk that the Jim Thorpe Memorial Heart and Cancer Foundation would build a hospital in the town. There was talk of a Jim Thorpe museum. There was talk, talk, talk.

Of course, there would be tourists in need of lodgings, and Patricia had plans for a motel. The woman who didn't care for Indian ways would call it Jim Thorpe's Teepees.

Precisely what else Patricia was seeking, or eventually got, out of the deal with Mauch Chunk isn't clear. Two people

know for sure, and one of them, the 67-year-old Boyle, now retired, except for a weekly column he writes for the Times-News, is mum on the subject. He won't say much about the late Mrs. Thorpe other than to concede that she wasn't an easy person to do business with. At times Boyle can't decide whether Jim Thorpe—the body and the town—is more his baby or his cross to bear.

The other man who knows is Bob Knappenberger, who was working at the American Hotel the day Patricia walked in carrying two Pekingese dogs. It was Knappy who finally brought her the check that officially ended her association with the town, but he won't say exactly how much the check was for.

"It certainly wasn't a lot of money," says Knappenberger, now assistant cashier at the Jim Thorpe National Bank. "It was basically just some money to get her out of town." Boyle insists she was paid no more than about \$500 to cover her expenses for shipping the body.

No matter what Patricia got, no one has ever suggested that Boyle acted out of any motive but civic pride. "Joe is as honest as the day is long," says Weikner, who has been playing Hatfield to Boyle's McCoy for 20 years. But Boyle got swept away by the vague promises of what Thorpe's body would do for the town, and he wasn't alone. In May of 1954, more than a year after Thorpe's death,

continued

Boyle (left) encouraged the town's name change, but Knappenberger delivered the goods.



the Mauch Chunkers and East Chunkers approved, by a 10-1 margin, a merger under the new name of Jim Thorpe.

"Hell, I admit I voted for it [the merger] the first time," says Weikner. "We heard about a 400-bed hospital. There was a chance to get the Football Hall of Fame. What did you have to lose?"

Face, for one thing. Over the years, promise after promise fell through. The Eagles never came through with financing for the memorial; the \$10,000 price tag for the mausoleum was paid out of the Nickel-a-Week Fund. Jim Thorpe was never seriously considered as a site for the Pro Football Hall of Fame, which was established in Canton in 1962. Bell did get involved with the Thorpe Memorial, but he suggested a lesser project than a hospital, such as a camp for underprivileged children. A few months after Bell kicked off a fund-raising appeal in 1958, he died of a heart attack during a game at Franklin Field in Philadelphia.

"I honestly think things would've been different, that a lot more would've gotten done, if Bert hadn't died," says Boyle. "I just couldn't get anyone else interested in taking over the memorial."

Whatever else can be said about Patricia, she got a town named after her husband at a time when his native state wouldn't even finance a memorial. And whatever else can be said about Boyle, he got himself a town with one name.

Freuda won't cover up Thorpe's drinking.



Weikner (left) knows what the boys in the barroom will have: a town named Mauch Chunk.

But in the years since his body arrived in Mauch Chunk on Feb. 9, 1954, Thorpe has hardly rested in peace. After he was taken to a temporary crypt at the Evergreen Cemetery—that was three months before the voters approved the name change—a rumor spread through the community that Thorpe's body was not in the casket. One of the pallbearers who had carried it into Evergreen Cemetery said the coffin was so heavy that it must have been filled with rocks. Boyle felt it was his duty to check out this claim, so he and two local morticians opened the casket, a memory that still causes him some distaste. It was Thorpe.

Thorpe's corpse was transferred to its red granite mausoleum in May 1957, and in 1963 a resident who printed anti-Jim Thorpe literature in his basement attacked the monument with a ball peen hammer, causing extensive damage. The identity of the vandal is one of the town's most open secrets, but he was never prosecuted. Hammer marks are still visible on the monument.

On Nov. 3, 1964, in response to a petition originated by Otto and others, the question of whether to change Jim Thorpe back to Mauch Chunk appeared on the ballot. Thorpe won 1,392-1,032. The next year the question was on the ballot again, with approximately the same vote. If a vote were taken today, pro-Chunkers say the results would be different; the pro-Thorpes, of course, say the outcome would be the same.

No matter. The contract drawn between Patricia and the borough in 1954 is legal and binding, and town officials have no thought of changing it. "No way," says Mayor Mike Hichok, a barber. "They can't take the body back."

"Why should we give it up?" asks Boyle. "Bringing the body here is what brought this town together."

Even the pro-Chunkers admit the name change saved the community confusion and money in consolidation of services. And as the pro-Chunkers die off, the town's name probably will become a nonissue. Wheeler, who is close to the Thorpe family and considers himself an Indian advocate, is also sympathetic to the town's pro-Thorpes. His foundation recently received \$500 raised by students at Jim Thorpe High School. "I'm at a position about halfway between Joe Boyle and the Thorpe family," says Wheeler. "I can see why each of them wants the body. It's kind of a tricky issue."

Still, the name Chunk just won't go away. Residents still unofficially divide the town into three sections: East Mauch Chunk, Upper Mauch Chunk and Mauch Chunk. Two of the nicest new additions to the town are the Mauch Chunk Medical Center and Mauch Chunk Creek Park. At his bar Weikner keeps a list of all the new businesses that use Chunk in their name. Nowhere was the divided-town issue stated more clearly than on the sign one local used to have on his Chevy. It read: JIM CHUNK."

The town seems unsure of how to promote its namesake. A slide show at the railroad museum in town mentions Thorpe's mausoleum almost as an afterthought. On Route 209, the main thoroughfare into Jim Thorpe from the south, there's a WELCOME TO JIM THORPE sign that mentions the Asa Packer Mansion (Packer was a millionaire railroad baron of the 19th century) "and more attractions." Presumably, the Thorpe mausoleum is one of them.

Boyle maintains the soft sell is by design. "The man was victimized by people capitalizing on him his whole life," says Boyle. "That's the one thing Al Schacht [Thorpe's roommate when he played baseball for the New York Giants] told me. Everybody was always doing something to get something out of him. We don't want to do that. I don't want to open up a hot-dog stand or invite a honky-tonk band up there to play. We're proud of what we've done. We've given Jim Thorpe a nice resting place when nobody else wanted him."

Thorpe's mausoleum is set on a knoll in the rear of a well-kept grassy area along Route 903, or North Street as it's known locally. A sign by the road says: FINAL RESTING PLACE J M THORPE—ALL-AMERICAN. The "I" has been missing for a while. A semicircular driveway goes around the mausoleum; if nothing else, Thorpe's grave is the best U-turn on North Street. On the mausoleum are inscribed the words of King Gustav of Sweden, who told Thorpe after he had won the Olympic decathlon and pentathlon. "Sir, you are the greatest athlete in the world."

Some days there may be no visitors to the memorial at all. On weekends there may be dozens. What there invariably is, is confusion.

"I don't quite understand," says Dolores Balesterri. "Was he born here or did he play ball here or what?" She, her husband, Lou, and two of his friends have driven over from the nearby Pocono Mountains, where they're attending a convention. The men know a lot about Thorpe's career, but they're not sure why he's here, either. The visitors listen to an abridged version of how Jim Thorpe came to rest in Jim Thorpe.

"Well," says Lou, turning back to the mausoleum. "I don't know about that. All I know is that he was a hell of an athlete. Maybe the best."

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LITTLE, BROWN

by Jack Falla

At 7:48 of the first period of a scoreless game against Philadelphia at the Spectrum last week, Buffalo rookie Phil Housley did a little finesse thing that perhaps was appreciated mainly by the cognoscenti there to see it. Playing right point on a Sabre power play, Housley took a pass from Mike Foligno and then, instead of succumbing to a rookie's normal instinct—slap away, hit and hope—moved in about 10 feet and stung a low drive to the left corner of the net that teammate Tony McKegney steered behind Flyer Goalie Rick St. Croix.

Not a big deal, but not a fledgling's kind of maneuver, either. Especially not what you'd expect from an 18-year-old rookie. The Sabres eventually lost the game 4-2, but Housley, a defenseman,

was named third star of the evening, the only Buffalo selection, for his forays up ice with the puck—bobbing, weaving, sometimes spinning out of the Buffalo zone and often through center ice—and for his team-high four shots on goal. All in all, a first-rate show by the rookie.

Four months ago, Buffalo fans must have wondered what Scotty Bowman, the Sabres' shrewd coach and general manager, was thinking of when he robbed the high school cradle and made the relatively unknown Housley, from South St. Paul, Minn., Buffalo's first draft choice, the first American taken and the sixth pick overall in the NHL draft.

Beyond that, Housley was a defenseman. What was Bowman doing drafting a

training camp, the man-boy his older teammates call "Howie" (a play on Housley) launched an Orreque coast-to-coast rush and finished it by faking out the goalie and scoring.

Howie wore a preseason Quebec City crowd when he scored two goals and two assists in a 7-5 win over the Nordiques. And he probably elicited a few whispered "sacre bleus" from those who read the stat sheet, showing Housley on the ice for every Buffalo goal scored but not when any was allowed.

Housley is a red-haired, faintly sleepy-eyed 5' 10", 180-pound adolescent who, in T shirt and jeans—his normal off-ice uniform—looks like the good-natured kid who carries your bundles from the grocery store to the car. His slightly jowly face is deeply dimpled when he smiles, which is frequently. The smile shows a full set of teeth. As for the mop on top, he laughs when he says, "No one in my family has red hair, but my Dad has a little red in his sideburns."

"All I can tell you," says his mother, Mary Lee Housley, from whom Phil inherits his easygoing manner, "is I never had a milkman and the postman was bald."

Housley's father, LeRoy, who works in the family plastering and stucco business, has been the guiding if not the driving force behind his son's rise in hockey. When Phil and older brother Larry were four and six, LeRoy would drive them to outdoor rinks for an hour or so of skating each night. "I'd stay in the warming shack while they skated," he says.

Despite his gradual emergence as a local hockey star, Housley never seriously considered the well-trodden and sometimes bloody route whereby some American and many Canadian boys leave home in their mid-teens for the tough Canadian junior circuit, the main feeder for the NHL. Instead, he became a four-year starter for Coach Doug Woog at South St. Paul High. "I had seen Phillip in pee-wees," says Woog, who moved the youngster from center to defense, "and I could see right away that he could move the puck through traffic. And even then he had great composure."

He may be Orr, maybe not

The first American-born Bobby Orr playalike is 18-year-old Phil Housley



Like Bobby, Phil shoots left, plays right.

defenseman for a team that finished with the third-best goals-allowed record in the 21-team league last season while limping home an anemic 16th in goals scored?

What Bowman was doing was trying to rebuild the Buffalo franchise around a talented offensive defenseman. It is axiomatic to Bowman that "team offense starts from the back." In his heart Bowman believes Housley can become the first American-born Guy Lapointe, Brad Park, Denis Potvin or even—and, oh, how he must wish he had never said it—Bobby Orr.

Bowman remarked early in training camp that Housley is "the nearest thing to Bobby Orr I've seen." He has since diplomatically modified that to, "I mean he plays a style similar to what Orr played. He can rush the puck. He's an outstanding passer and he's creative."

So now Orr reincarnate has become Orr-in-embryo, a supportable judgment based on a preseason in which, despite missing two games, Housley was the Sabres' fourth-highest scorer and tops among defensemen with five goals and four assists in eight games.

The first time he got the puck in an intrasquad game at the Sabres' Lake Placid

Woog remembers Housley as a college-oriented student, "not a great natural intellect but he wasn't afraid to take on physics and trigonometry, courses he knew were important for college. My only mistake coaching him," says Woog, "is that I didn't play him enough."

Seven months ago Housley was fighting back the tears after South St. Paul was eliminated 5-3 by Sibley High School of West St. Paul in the regionals of the state tournament, a tragedy of adolescence Housley could not avert despite his two goals, 11 third-period shots and a six-minute stretch when he alternated between defense and center and never left the ice. The memory still hurts.

"That was really hard to take. It was my last year and I wanted to get into the state finals. That's a big deal in Minnesota," he says.

High school almost behind him, Housley was set to accept a hockey scholarship to the University of Minnesota when he got the break that redirected his life. He was invited to join the U.S. national team for some preliminary games leading up to the World Championships in Finland in April—just a little spot duty until some American pros joined the team after their clubs were eliminated in the Stanley Cup playoffs. But Housley not only won one regular job, he won four—on defense, at center, penalty killing and some power-play duty.

And so the secret Bowman had harbored for two years—ever since Bowman and Sabre scout John (Bucky) Kane first saw Housley as a high school sophomore—was now public knowledge. Housley could play the game. No matter. Bowman was holding three first-round picks, and with the first of them he snapped up Housley.

"I was still planning to go to Minnesota and thinking about the 1984 Olympics," says Housley, "but then, when I got drafted so high, it changed my whole outlook. I mean, I saw how hard my father worked and now I had a chance to make more money than we'd ever had."

The Housleys chose Toronto agent Bill Watters as Phil's adviser. Watters has negotiated contracts for three of the last four NHL No. 1 draft picks. "I sat down and laid it out to the family," says Wat-

ters. "I told them Phil might do very well if he was a big star with a successful Olympic team. But that represented two years of amateur play and risk of a major injury. Phil would have cherished the chance to play in the Olympics but... I hate to say money was the pivotal factor, but it was."

In the end it wasn't that hard a decision. While his father says, "We'd still

claims to be rather adept in the kitchen—"Hey, I can cook Rock Cornish game hen"—a skill for which he credits his mother, sort of. "I'd come in late from a hockey game and say I wanted something to eat and she'd say, 'Get it yourself.'"

His mother and father were on hand for the Sabres' season and home opener against Quebec on Oct. 6. Housley scored his first NHL point in a losing (6-4) cause. In the second period he carried the puck out of the Buffalo zone, tore through center ice and took a heavy hit into the boards from a Nordique. While absorbing the blow, Housley was able to reach out with one hand on his stick and shovel a pass to Ric Seiling, who broke in alone and scored.

"He has that knack for finding the open man," says Bowman. "Like Potvin and Park and... you know, all those great ones."

Like Orr, Housley is a left shot who plays the right side, a disadvantage in that he has to take a lot of passes on his backhand but an advantage in shooting and taking a puck off the boards. "It gives me a great angle on the net and I think it makes it easier for me to penetrate, which I like to do," he says.

Sensibly and modestly, Housley claims to be neither the Orr apparent nor the heir presumptive. "I don't want to put pressure on myself," he says. "Besides, I used to be a forward, remember? My idol growing up was [Montreal Wing]

Guy Lafleur. But I saw Orr do some things I want to try. I've been working with Red [Assistant Coach Berenson] on that move where Orr faked the shot, froze the forward, then spun around and skated in on goal. I tried it in training camp and I couldn't believe how it worked. I had an open lane to the goal. It was great except that I didn't score."

"He's a kid who learns something one day and uses it the next," says Berenson. How far can Housley go? Berenson says, "I'd rather he show you than I tell you."

For Housley's part he says only that "in hockey we joke about some players being the plumbers. Well, I guess I'm one of the electricians."

That he is, as he began to prove last week in his third and fourth NHL games, in which he scored two goals and had three assists.



Housley in the road rags favored by the management.

ters like to see him pick away at his education, maybe in the summer" (which the youngster says he will do), Phil had no trouble saying yes to a four-year contract reportedly worth \$400,000.

"Watters invests it for me and I live on a budget," Housley says. "I want to have something to start with when hockey's over." Housley's "budget" did allow him to purchase a new Z/28 Camaro, a car that brings out the boy in him: "You should see it. It's all blue and silver. I wish I had pictures." At the moment, the car is in a St. Paul repair shop—the result of Housley's being rear-ended by an unlicensed motorist while driving to the Sabres' camp in September.

For a kid plucked out of his parents' home and set down in a pro sport's fast lane, Housley seems to be doing an exceptional job of adjusting. He even



NBC's men in the booth—Kubek, Garagiola, Enberg and Seaver—made Series coverage a gourmet feast.

by William Taaffe

do. Finally, have down-to-earth people named Dick, Joe, Tony and Tom serve the meal.

Tasty, huh? Once again this fall, NBC picked the pockets of the guys in the yellow blazers. ABC is peerless on football, bowling and spanning the wide world for whatever it can scrounge up for weekend

play. Forever engaging in whimsical chitchat, Jackson often neglected to tell us the number of outs and runners on base, and once he called the umpire a "referee." The cliché-ridden Lasorda came across as a windy managerial version of author/umpire Ron Luciano. (Earl Weaver, who joined the sparkling Palmer in the American League booth, was infinitely more insightful than Lasorda.) Finally, ABC was guilty of "forcing" replays—showing them simply because it had them, and often from the angle we had just seen.

That NBC succeeded while ABC failed is amazing when you consider it had four men in the booth (Dick Enberg, Joe Garagiola, Tony Kubek and Tom Seaver) to ABC's three: In these circumstances, three is a crowd, and four amounts to a mob. Coordinating Producer Mike Weisman needed a traffic cop to decide who was in charge of play-by-play, but at least each talker kept his mind on baseball instead of on Eusebio Pedraza's upcoming fight. Kubek and Seaver made especially incisive points.

In Game 1, for example, Kubek wondered if Cardinal Shortstop Ozzie Smith wasn't playing the Brewers a few steps too deep, seeing that Smith was too late with a couple of his throws to first. The next night, the Wizard of Oz proved Kubek right by playing closer. And late in Game 3, Seaver allowed as how St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog might pay for using reliever Bruce Sutter 2½ innings. Sure enough, the bill came due; Herzog needed Sutter in Game 4 and couldn't risk pitching him.

As for pretty pictures, Director Harry Coyle, who was working his 33rd World Series (Coyle's first, in 1947, was Jackie Robinson's first), proved himself a master. No missed Oglivie catches in the corner. And instead of giving us dozens of shots per game of that old ABC staple, Baseball Wives on Parade, Coyle limited himself to the meaningful glimpse. We saw, for example, the hands of Mrs. Lonnie Smith when her husband came up to bat with the bases loaded, and what do you know, the hands were beld, palms together, in prayer.

NBC: Nobody does it better

When it comes to televising baseball, ABC can take lessons from its rival

From all appearances, ABC's basic recipe for postseason baseball goes something like this: Take one cup of Al Michaels' brilliance and a dash of Jim Palmer's intelligence. Toss in Keith Jackson's embarrassing lack of baseball knowledge and a half-dozen or more missed replays. Add a number of replays of no interest at all. Then serve it up with little or no imagination while Tommy Lasorda bores everyone with his banquet one-liners.

So much for the appetizer, otherwise known as the playoffs. Now let's get to the main course, the World Series, as dished up by NBC. This is a recipe that can't miss.

You start with a 15-minute pregame show possessing creativity and charm. Handle each game with patience and care, lying in wait to catch the emotional reactions of players on camera. Run a replay to make a point, or don't run it at all. Let the drama of each moment speak for itself. Don't have your play-by-play man mope about a) his travel schedule or b) how he's missing his first college football Saturday in 20 years, which was Jackson's lament. He may not want to watch baseball, but presumably has viewers

afternoons. But baseball? Sorry, Keith. Sorry, Howard. And sorry to whoever runs the camera covering the leftfield corner.

ABC was already behind by the final Orioles-Brewers game, in which it managed to blow the biggest catch of the month—Ben Oglivie's season-saving grab in the eighth. Oglivie slid across the foul line in pursuit of the ball—and vanished from Director Chet Forte's view, not to return even via replay. During that same telecast, Jackson and every other daydreamer at ABC also mistook Milwaukee Second Baseman Ed Romero for Jim Gantner until the game was five innings old. Ed Romero resembles Gantner the way Ricardo Montalban passes for Robert Redford.

This sort of thing set the tone for the network's playoff coverage. During the playoffs themselves, ABC's production improved only slightly. Howard Cosell did intersperse his usual exasperating digressions with some trenchant questions, but Jackson's down-home style—replete with "portnuths," "big guys" and athletes described as forever "dodging the bullet"—while terrific for college football, is somehow ill-suited to baseball play-by-

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LOW TAR
SMOOTH TASTE

by Craig Neff

Oklahoma State Tailback Ernest (Plug) Anderson fits his nickname in so many ways that Cowboy fans who eagerly try to explain them to you—generally over pitchers of their state's 3.2 beer—can wind up fairly plugged themselves before they finish. Let us count the ways: At a bowlegged 5'10" and 189 pounds, Plug is built like a hydrant ... he squeezes through the narrow neck of a bottled-up defense like a ... he hits linebackers in the belly like a shot of lead, and they drop like they've been ... he provides spark ... he shills for his coaches and offensive linemen like Rancher Bob selling late-model Fords. And Anderson brings to mind former OSU and Dallas Cowboy Fullback Walt Garrison, who, of course, was Just A Pinch Between the Cheek and Gum.

By gaining 205 yards in the Cowboys' 25-25 tie with Colorado last Saturday in Stillwater, Anderson, a junior, also plugged himself into the record book. He became only the fourth runner in college football history to gain 1,000 or more yards in the first five games of a season. His 1,042 in 174 carries this fall put him alongside Cornell's Ed Manno (1,026 in 1971) and Southern Cal's Ricky Bell (1,008 in '76) and Marcus Allen (1,136 in '81) in the 1,000-in-five club, and make him far and away the nation's leading rusher. At 208.4 yards per game, Anderson is averaging 41.6 yards more than his closest pursuer, Tailback Eric Dickerson of SMU, who has 1,001 yards in six games. As one NFL scout put it, "That's a lot of yards against air."

Anderson, a blocking back until late last season, started piling up stats on the Cowboys' first play from scrimmage this fall when he broke off-tackle for a 74-yard touchdown against North Texas State. He finished that game, a 27-6 Oklahoma State victory, with 220 yards on 26 carries and followed it with 152 yards against Tulsa, 195 against Louisville, 270 against Kansas—surpassing Terry Miller's 1977 single-game school record of 246—and last Saturday's 205. "Anderson is in the backfield one second and 10 yards downfield the next time you see him," said Louisville Linebacker

Durrell Wimberly after the Cardinals beat OSU 28-22 last month. Last Saturday, Colorado found out about Anderson's durability—Plug carried 39 times—and discovered the power he packs in his 23-inch thighs. "Ernest is no jitterbug runner," says Cowboy Coach Jimmy Johnson. "He runs smack over people."

Anderson was smuck unknown until this season, when Johnson shifted him from fullback to tailback in the Cowboys' I formation and he began carrying the ball twice as often. "We knew last year that Ernest was our best runner," says Oklahoma State Running Back Coach Frank Folks. "Unfortunately, he was also our best fullback, and we needed him there to block."

But no one dreamed that Anderson, who gained a total of 1,116 yards in his first two full seasons, would be as good a tailback as he is. Even while in high school in Orange, Texas he never rushed for 1,000 yards in a season or 200 in a game. This year, however, not



Anderson passed 1,000 yards in only his fifth game.

The importance of Ernest

Oklahoma State's Ernest (Plug) Anderson is running off with the rushing title

only has he run and blocked well, but he has caught 10 passes and fumbled just once. NFL teams have taken notice. At a recent practice, Dallas Vice-President for Personnel Development Gil Brandt overheard a mild argument about whether Anderson's size would keep him out of the pros. "Except for an inch in height he's as big as Tony Dorsett," said Brandt. End of argument.

Plug was only 5'8" and 165 pounds when he showed up for his freshman year at OSU in 1979, and at the time only the OSU coaches thought he'd ever play much Big Eight football. They knew that Anderson had been the outstanding high

school back in the talent-rich Golden Triangle (Beaumont, Orange, Port Arthur) of southeastern Texas, an area that has produced, among others, Bubba Smith, Mel Farr and Joe Washington. They also knew that when Garrison came to Stillwater in 1962, he, too, was a modestly recruited, relatively scrawny Texan. Their plan for Anderson, who had never lifted weights, was to build him up.

But first he broke down. In the opening game of 1979, against North Texas State, Anderson bruised a knee ligament so badly that he had to sit out the entire season. He was subsequently ruled a hardship case and given another year of

eligibility. "That freshman year was tough," he recalls. "I had my bags packed on several occasions." At the time, Anderson, the fourth of eight children (a ninth child drowned in the Gulf of Mexico before Ernest was born) in a poor but close-knit family, was upset by the recent death of his grandfather and by a mysterious series of blackouts and headaches his mother, Leola, was suffering. Besides being 650 miles from home—he had never been north of Dallas or west of Houston before going to Oklahoma State—Anderson wasn't sure he belonged in college. "I was just planning on getting a job until my older brothers talked me into going on in school," he says.

His family and coaches persuaded him to stay in Stillwater, and with the help of the Cowboys' Swedish-born strength coach, Bert Jacobson, and regular deliveries of Leola Anderson's hams and barbecue, Ernest added thick slabs of muscle. He increased his bench press from 185 pounds to nearly 400, and though his speed in the 40 went from 4.4 to 4.5, he started making, so to speak, a greater impact. As a result, he now has to wear special \$700 air-filled shoulder pads to protect himself on his low-to-the-ground rumbles up the middle. And though he's too self-effacing to talk about his own accomplishments, he's obviously a much happier young man.

Anderson's biggest boosters are his offensive linemen, who walk around in T-shirts that read: I KNOCK 'EM OUT FOR ERNEST. "Hey, you guys just get to block for him," says Tackle John Cepielski to his four colleagues. "I get to stand next to him in the huddle." For one thing, they respect Anderson for his hard work: Last summer he spent three hours each day

lifting weights and 45 minutes running—after he put in nine hours of construction work alongside his father, Elvin, at a chemical plant in Orange. Anderson is also completely dedicated to the team. He was so down after the Cowboys' disappointing 24-24 tie with Kansas, despite his 270-yard rushing performance, that Guard Kevin Igo had to console him. "I told him I loved him and that that goes for all the offensive linemen," says Igo. "Those guys are some pretty nice people," says Anderson.

Anderson's following extends to the Orange Crush—a dozen or so friends and family members who make the 14-hour drive north from Orange to watch OSU home games in Stillwater. Sixteen made the trip last weekend, including Anderson's mother, his brothers and his girl friend, Texas Southern sophomore Cynthia Johnson. "Twenty people told me to bring back Oklahoma newspapers on Sunday," said older brother Jesse, 24. "They want to read about their Plug."

Anderson's life off the field is usually about as exciting as the Interstate between Orange and Stillwater. On a big night he and a few teammates will play dominoes in the dorm and fry up chicken and potatoes in Anderson's electric skillet. On weekends during the summer he hangs out at Port Arthur radio station KYHS-FM, where his disc jockey friend Ishmael (a.k.a. L.J. Jack) lets him cue up soul records. "He put together a tape that we play during our weight workouts," says Anderson. "He talks about OSU football, then plays *Outstanding by Rick James*. When I put that on, the guys go wild." But Plug himself only goes wild on the gridiron. For example, on Tuesday

night of last week, when 1,745 student couples gathered on OSU's baseball diamond to break the world record for group kissing, he didn't dare leave the stands. "Well, you know, my girl friend would not have been too happy," he says.

As for Anderson's nickname, only his brothers know the true story of its origin. "It was a long time ago—seventh, eighth grade maybe," says Jesse. "We'd be playing in the park and we'd try picking up Ernest and throwing him down. Somehow he'd always land on his feet. He was just a plug. You could do anything and the Plug would always land on his feet." Big Eight linebackers will tell you that he hasn't changed one bit.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTH "What's money when it comes to beating Alabama?" So said a Neyland Stadium official after Tennessee fans had torn down both goalposts (estimated cost: \$1,700 apiece) after a 35-28 upset of the Crimson Tide.

Vols rooters had plenty to cheer about right from the start. Tackle Mike Casteel recovering an Alabama fumble at the Tide 11 on the first play from scrimmage. Minutes later Fuad Reveziz, a sophomore from Bogota, Colombia, who resides in Miami and hopes to become a U.S. citizen soon, kicked the first of four field goals, a 22-yarder. But two interceptions by Cornerback Jeremiah Castille set up TDs, to give "Bama" a 21-13 lead at the half.

After another Reveziz field goal, Alvin Cockrell put Tennessee ahead 24-21 with a 39-yard scoring pass to Wingback Mike Miller and a two-point throw to Tight End Kenny Jones. Altogether, Cockrell hit on 18 of 29 attempts for 192 yards, including a 52-yard bomb to Wide Receiver Willie Gault, the world-class hurdler.

The Vols are not a running team, yet they stayed on the ground all the way during a nine-play, 80-yard march early in the fourth period. Tailback Chuck Coleman wrapped up that lengthy drive with a 34-yard scoring burst that, coupled with another Cockrell-to-Jones PAT pass, put Tennessee in front by a score of 35-21.

Then Alabama geared up. There was 5:04 left when Halfback Linnie Patrick raced 14 yards for a score that pulled the Tide to within

continued

A fullback last year, Anderson knows that a tailback needs support from his blockers.



seven points. On its next possession 'Bama made it to the Vol 17 with 6:30 left on the clock. On second down, Defensive Back Lee Jenkins deflected a pass en route before Tide Split End Jesse Bondre could grab it in the end zone. On the next play, Quarterback Walter Lewis fired the ball to Split End Darryl White in the end zone. White leaped and got a hand on the ball, but it bounced into the air when he was hit by Jenkins and Safety Bill Bates. Defensive End Mike Terry sealed Tennessee's triumph by picking off the ball 17 seconds before time ran out. And then the goalposts came down.

Auburn's Lionel (Little Train) James returned four punts for 104 yards, rushed for 75 yards, caught one pass and scored once during a 24-0 defeat of Georgia Tech. That left the Tigers in a tie for the Southeastern Conference lead with Georgia, which beat Vanderbilt 27-13. The Bulldog offense was lackluster most of the day and the scrappy Commodores held the Dawgs to a 13-13 standoff through three periods before being done in during the final 15 minutes. Georgia's Herschel Walker powered his way to 172 yards and one touchdown in 38 carries.

Kentucky trailed only 17-10 at halftime against Louisiana State before being wrecked by fumbles. In all, the Wildcats lost four of eight fumbles en route to a 34-10 setback.

SEC teams took two games from Texas squads, Mississippi beating TCU 27-9 and Florida defeating West Texas State 77-14. Wayne Peace of the Gators hit on 15 of 17 passes for 289 yards.

Mississippi State led 7-3 at intermission in Miami. The Hurricanes then scuttled their ineffective passing game, ran for 185 yards in the final two quarters and finished on top 31-14. Fullback Speedy Neal scored three touchdowns as Miami wound up with 281 yards on the ground, its highest rushing total in two years.

A crowd of 52,300, the largest ever to see a sporting event in Virginia, was on hand in Blacksburg. Those fans didn't get to see Tailback Cyrus Lawrence, Virginia Tech's all-time leading rusher; he had knee surgery on Friday and probably will miss the rest of the season. What those folks saw was a 16-6 victory by West Virginia, which got three field goals from Paul Woodside.

Florida State overpowered East Carolina 56-17. Along the way, the Seminoles racked up 706 yards in total offense, 456 of them through the air. Sophomore Tailback Greg Allen scored four touchdowns for Florida State, three on short runs and another when he caught a 24-yard pass.

Tailback Cliff Austin broke a 30-year-old Clemson record by gaining 260 yards on 27 carries in a 49-14 drubbing of Duke. The Tigers went without Quarterback Homer Jordan, who had an injured knee. Blue Devil Quarterback Ben Bennett, who had thrown 102 passes without having one picked off, was

intercepted twice by Clemson Linebacker Johnny Rembert, who ran one grab 43 yards for a touchdown.

North Carolina and Maryland were tied with Clemson for the top spot in the Atlantic Coast Conference. The Tar Heels had an easy time of it in romping past North Carolina State 41-9 as Scott Stankavage passed for 203 yards. Stankavage, who connected on 11 of 18 throws, equaled a North Carolina record by firing four touchdown passes. Maryland defeated Wake Forest 52-31, John Nash running for three touchdowns for the Terps and Boomer Esiason adding three more touchdowns with his passing.

SI TOP 20

1. PITT (5-0)	1 *
2. WASHINGTON (6-0)	2
3. GEORGIA (6-0)	3
4. SMU (6-0)	4
5. ARIZONA STATE (7-0)	5
6. PENN STATE (5-1)	7
7. NEBRASKA (5-1)	8
8. N. CAROLINA (5-1)	9
9. ARKANSAS (5-0)	10
10. ALABAMA (5-1)	6
11. WEST VIRGINIA (5-1)	12
12. SOUTHERN CAL (4-1)	13
13. UCLA (5-0-1)	14
14. FLORIDA STATE (5-1)	15
15. NOTRE DAME (4-1)	11
16. MIAMI (5-2)	17
17. FLORIDA (4-2)	18
18. LSU (4-0-1)	19
19. CLEMSON (4-1-1)	20
20. BOSTON COLL. (4-1-1)	20

* Last week

MIDWEST Notre Dame led Arizona 10-0 at the half and went in front 13-6 early in the fourth quarter when Mike Johnston kicked a 43-yard field goal. Not a big lead for the Irish, but seemingly a fairly secure one. After all, they had given up yardage grudgingly all season and had a defense that was first in Division I-A against the rush (34.5 yards a game) and third in total defense (218.5 yards a game). But Quarterback Tom Tunnicliffe of the Wildcats found a few weaknesses in that defense. During a 79-yard drive, Tunnicliffe was on the mark with seven of nine aerials for 78 yards. The 79th yard? That was picked up by Running Back Phil Freeman, who banged into the end zone for the first rushing touchdown scored against Notre Dame this year. With 8:40 to go, the score was 13-13. Tunnicliffe helped unlock it with a 19-yard pass to Wide Receiver Brad Anderson that put the ball on the Irish 32

with six seconds remaining. That gave Tunnicliffe 19 completions in 38 attempts for 199 yards. Then it was Max Zendejas' turn. Zendejas, who had already scored on field goals of 38 and 32 yards, kicked one of 48 yards in time ran out. Thus, Notre Dame, which had won three games on field goals, lost one on a three-pointer, 16-13.

By putting its Rogers and Hammerstein combo to use and by buying a Body in the right place at the right time, Michigan beat Iowa 29-7 and took over sole possession of first place in the Big Ten. One of the pivotal turnovers started when Defensive Tackle Mike Hammerstein pounced on a Hawkeye fumble at the Iowa five. Running Back Rick Rogers promptly covered those five yards for a Wolverine touchdown. As for Body—Defensive Back Marion Body—he thwarted a Hawkeye drive by recovering a loose ball inches from the Michigan goal line. The Wolverines' small but quick defensive line—the heaviest starter weighed 247 pounds—did a job on the Iowa offensive line, which had no one below 240 pounds. Utilizing its speed, Michigan had eight quarterback sacks.

Wisconsin trailed Michigan State 10-0, but came back for a 24-23 win. The Badgers won their fourth game in a row as Randy Wright passed nine yards to Al Toon for a third-period touchdown and then hit him again with a two-point pass that ended the scoring. Indiana was a 49-21 victor at Minnesota, and Purdue was a 34-21 winner at home against Northwestern. The Badgers won despite a conference-record 15 interceptions by Wildcat Split End Todd Jenkins, who gained 189 yards. Doing the throwing was freshman Sandy Schwab, who passed for 360 yards as he hit on 31 of 49 attempts. More than anyone, it was Mel Gray who enabled Purdue to end a nine-game losing streak, scoring twice and picking up 197 yards on 25 carries.

Productive runners also helped Nebraska and Oklahoma to remain tied for first place in the Big Eight. Husker Coach Tom Osborne had banked on passing about 25 times against Kansas State, but after three of his receivers fumbled completions, he decided to stick mainly to the ground. I Back Mike Rozier didn't mind the switch; he stormed through the Wildcats for 204 yards on 21 carries and scored on runs of 27 and 46 yards in a 42-13 Cornhusker victory. Although he earned the ball only nine times, freshman Halfback Marcus Dupree was Oklahoma's main man in a 38-14 drubbing of Kansas. Dupree accounted for 158 yards and had TD runs of 75, 13 and seven yards. Frank Seiner of Kansas, the conference's leading passer in yards, suffered a separation of the left shoulder, which will sideline him for at least two weeks. Missouri, which hadn't been involved in a tie for 15 years until two weeks ago, played its second in a row—17-17 against Iowa State.

Wichita State clung to its lead in the Missouri Valley Conference by holding off New

continued

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Mexico State 28-26. Miami of Ohio, however, was bumped out of the top spot in the Mid-American when it lost 10-0 at Western Michigan. Bowling Green took over first place by beating Northern Illinois 20-18.

SOUTHWEST After being tied up for most of the first half by Houston, Southern Methodist broke loose during the last half. SMU led only 10-7 at halftime but then clamped down on defense and held the Cougars to just 75 yards in total offense. Meanwhile, Tailback Eric Dickerson, who had gained only 35 yards in nine carries in the first half, was running wild. He lugged the ball 18 more times and churned out 206 yards. Dickerson's biggest gain was a 62-yard burst around right end for a third-period touchdown. That left him with 1,001 yards on 134 carries this year, an average of 7.4 yards. It all added up to a 20-14 SMU win that put the Mustangs alone at the top of the Southwest Conference, half a game up on idle Arkansas. It also stretched SMU's victory streak to 10 games, the longest in the nation.

Unlike SMU, Baylor couldn't recover from a slow start. Five lost fumbles in the opening half hurt the Bears, who were defeated by Texas A&M 28-23. Texas Tech kept Rice weak, squeezing past the Owls 23-21.

EAST Big numbers. That's what players need to win the Heisman Trophy. But Pitt's Dan Marino and Penn State's Curt Warner, who were among the preseason favorites for the award, didn't come up with any big numbers until last week. Marino, who wasn't even ranked among the NCAA's top 25 passers last week, put together his first impressive statistics of the year during a 38-17 defeat of Temple. With Marino connecting on 26 of 36 passes for 344 yards and three touchdowns, the Panthers started fast and finished with a flurry. In between, though, the Owls pared a 17-0 deficit to 17-14 in the third period. What fanned Temple's hopes for a major upset were three interceptions of Marino passes plus the 18 for 29 passing of Tim Riaridan, who netted 241 yards through the air. Two of Riaridan's passes were scoring tosses of 58 and 33 yards.

And ball, snow, sun and rain at University Park, Warner broke loose for touchdown runs of four and 34 yards and gained 148 yards on 25 carries as Penn State beat Syracuse 28-7. Going into the game, Warner had run for only 261 yards all season, having been hampered by both frequent leg cramps and the Nittany Lions' new emphasis on passing. Warner's roommate, Quarterback Todd Blackledge, did less passing than usual, however, completing 10 of 15 throws for 120 yards. Blackledge also twice slammed over from one yard out for his first rushing touchdowns of the season. Syracuse Tailback Jaime Covington ripped off 129 yards in 24 runs, but the Nittany Lions put the squeeze on the Orange passing attack

by stealing five of Todd Morley's passes.

There was only 1:18 left on the clock when Boston College got the ball at its own 13 against visiting Rutgers, which led 13-6. What made the situation even more hairy for the Eagles was that they didn't have any timeouts left. Clearly, Boston College needed a long pass or a break. The Eagles got both: A pass by Quarterback Doug Flutie glanced off the hands of Wide Receiver Paul Zidek and into the arms of Wide Receiver Gerard Phelan for a 27-yard gain to the Scarlet Knight 47. On the next play, the fifth of a 10-play drive, Flutie went around left end for 12 yards. A 15-yard penalty for a late hit moved the ball to the Scarlet Knight 20. Flutie then ran for 15 yards, missed a pass, ran for three more yards and then fired the ball into the end zone. Freshman Running Back Troy Stradford, who had run for 132 yards on 17 carries, made a diving catch with 12 seconds left. That still left the Eagles trailing by a point, 13-12. Flutie reversed that margin with a two-point conversion pass to Tight End Scott Nizolek that made the Eagles 14-13 winners. For the day, Flutie was on target with only 15 of 40 passes and was intercepted four times, but his completions were good for 239 yards.

Two short touchdown runs and 217 yards passing by Quarterback Marco Pignatelli led Navy to a 39-3 rout of William & Mary. Pignatelli attempted 25 passes and hit on 21.

Despite setting a team record of 28 completions (in 44 tries), Gary Vura and Penn came up on the short end of a 35-20 score at Lafayette. Vura's serials went for 291 yards, but Frank Novak passed for 195 yards and three touchdowns as the Leopards handed the Quakers their first loss of the season. Princeton also lost a non-league game, squandering a 14-0 lead against Army and going down to a 20-14 defeat. Both the Quakers and Tigers, however, improved their Ivy League positions, thanks to Harvard's 14-12 setback at Dartmouth. That left Penn as the only team without a loss in Ivy competition and moved Princeton into a tie for second with the Crimson. Brown doubled up Cornell 38-19, and Yale took advantage of eight Columbia turnovers to win 36-10.

WEST Washington won by 17 points, Southern Cal by 20 and UCLA by 25. None of those games, though, was a blowout. Winless Oregon State gave the unbeaten Washington Huskies fits and was behind only 27-17 late in the fourth quarter at Corvallis. That was when the Beavers stopped Washington inside its own 25. In all the excitement of the moment, Beaver Assistant Coach Craig Bolter ran onto the field to urge the team on, but instead helped his team to a 15-yard penalty as he drew a personal foul. That gave the Huskies a first down, and 12 plays later Jacques Robinson concluded the possession with a nine-yard TD run. Robinson also raced over from eight yards out after

Oregon State had cut its deficit to 20-17.

Stanford led 7-0 and 14-7 before USC broke the game open. Anthony Gibson, a senior who had never scored for the Trojans, took over at tailback after Todd Spencer was put out of commission in the second quarter at Stanford Stadium with an injured left knee. Gibson carried 19 times, gained 120 yards and scored on runs of two, one and 10 yards as USC won 41-21. Sean Salisbury of the Trojans had two short touchdown runs and passed for 201 yards as he completed 17 of 30. John Elway of the Cardinals was 27 of 41 for 239 yards but was sacked six times and had three passes picked off.

Washington State, playing at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena for the first time since 1932, went ahead of UCLA 17-14 early in the third period. From there on it was all Bruins as they scored three touchdowns in the third and another in the fourth to win 42-17. Jojo Townsill started the comeback by scoring on a 53-yard flanker reverse. UCLA's next score came when Split End Cornac Carney, after getting his fingertips on a pass and deflecting it over the cornerback's head, made a diving

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Long Beach State Quarterback Todd Dillon passed for 653 yards and two TDs while tying a Pacific Coast AA mark with 33 completions in 47 attempts during a 22-21 upset of San Jose State.

DEFENSE Terry Hodge of Georgia, a 6' 3", 196-pound junior roverback, stole three passes, broke up three others, forced one fumble and was in on eight tackles during a 27-13 victory over Vanderbilt.

catch of the ball in the end zone. That 27-yard scoring pass was the second of three thrown by Tom Ramsey, who connected on 17 of 27 throws for 238 yards.

California was a narrow (10-7) winner over Oregon, but Arizona State had no trouble with Texas-El Paso, romping 37-6. The Miners, who are 1-6 this season and who have won only nine times since 1974, caught the Sun Devils off guard at the outset of the game. What UTEP did was start off with a hurry-up offense that brought an early 3-0 lead on a field goal. The unfazed Sun Devils regrouped and scored on five of their first six possessions. Freshman Tailback Darryl Clark carried 17 times for 157 yards and two TDs for Arizona State, which retained its share of first place in the Pac-10 with Washington.

Brigham Young bumped Hawaii from the top spot in the Western AC, pulling away from a 25-25 tie to win 39-25. The Cougars had 503 yards in total offense, 317 of them by Steve Young, who hit on 22 of 32 passes. New Mexico tied BYU for first by winning 22-17 at San Diego State.

END

Now you see them, now you...

Camouflage has been around for as long as hunters have tried to outwit the hunted. Whether the stalker was a Plains Indian draped in a buffalo hide or is a modern deer-slayer dressed in patchy greens and browns, the object of camouflage has remained the same: to allow the hunter to get as close as possible to his prey.

These days camouflage comes in many forms: waterproof parkas, pants, coveralls, jackets, float coats (jackets with flotation linings), waders, ponchos, hats, boots, gloves, face paint, even an er-

satz essence-of-skunk. (For the faint of nostril, pine and apple scents are also available.)

Camouflage is particularly important for bow hunting, in which the weapon's range is limited, and in hunting shy and sharp-eyed quarry—wild turkey, for instance. Lea Talcott, a buyer for Orvis, a hunting and fishing equipment company in Manchester, Vt., takes great care to cover up when hunting turkey. "I wear both face paint and camo gloves," he says. "I even camouflage my gun, because sunlight flashing off a shiny stock will catch a bird's attention. Disguised this way, I've called turkeys to within 10 yards of me." (Unfortunately, not all the turkeys lurking in the woods are birds, so when hunting in a crowded area, it's safer to wear blaze orange.)

Camo clothing comes in two basic colors, green for hunting in the spring or in pinewoods, brown for hunting in the fall and in field or marsh. Wherever (these photos were taken near Ketchum, Idaho), the hoped-for effect on duck and deer is the same: Seeing is believing.

—JULIE CAMPBELL

Nothing reflects badly on bow-hunter Paul Ramlow after he paints his pats and dons a Ranger suit with covered buttons and zipper (\$35). Even dogs go camo: Yuli sacks out on an Orvis "dog nest" (\$54).



Diane Crist makes like a haystack in a homemade straw poncho. Canoeist Cree Le Favour favors Eddie Bauer's nylon-and-down shirt (\$63), while Lane Pariah is partial to a float coat from Orvis (\$90).





Bill Bishop (above, left) dodges through decoys in a Gore-Tex parka from Eddie Bauer (\$190); Jack Hemingway takes to Orvis' down-lined coat (\$196) and waders (\$80) like, well, a duck to water. Horse sense says that's Kira Shumey under the Eddie Bauer poncho (\$48).



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSMARIE BOGNER



by Rob Buchanan

hented the victory, becoming the youngest driver ever to win a Can-Am race. Unser went on to win three more and come in second twice. Then two weeks ago at Laguna Seca, he won the season finale by 78.720 seconds over Al Holbert. That gave him the Can-Am point championship plus earnings of \$149,000 for the season. Not much when you consider that his new car, a Galles GR-3 that first arrived in July, cost \$140,000. But it's still a good wage for a 20-year-old seasonal laborer. More important, Unser has earned universal respect for his smooth and aggressive driving style.

Well, almost universal. "Whenever we



Unser, 20 but looking younger, will have an Indy ride and his Can-Am car in '83.

Huck Finn on a 175-mph raft

It's all downstream for Can-Am champion Al Unser Jr., racing's favorite son

were the best he could do. No matter. Little Al, son of Baby Al, the three-time Indy winner and youngest of the racing Unser brothers, is making his fortune in the freewheeling world of Can-Am racing. That's the Sports Car Club of America's nine-race series featuring bellowing five-liter cars that look as if they have been swiped off the back lot of the latest Star Wars movie. They can hit 180 mph on a road racing circuit with any sort of decent straightaway. But it's not a series that gets much publicity—many of the drivers are less concerned with making a splash and moving on to bigger things than with driving, as one of them put it, "the ultimate road racing car for fun." So it seems a strange place to find Little Al Unser, a young man intent on racing in the Indianapolis 500.

Nevertheless, the Can-Am season opened on a rainy May day in Gainesville, Ga., with Unser driving a revamped hand-me-down Galles GR-2 Chevy in which his father had gained a Can-Am triumph at Laguna Seca, Calif., two years earlier. When the leader, two-time Can-Am champion Patrick Tambay, was bumped and skidded off the slick Road Atlanta track, Unser, running second, in-

go to a race," says Shelley, "we rent a car. He likes to drive me around the track, at about 85 or 90, so I'm sliding all over the place. Everybody's been saying the baby's gonna come out sideways—'cause that's the way Al drives those rental cars—with lots of dents in its head."

It's not hard to believe. Al Sr. and Little Al's Uncle Bobby, who have won five Indy 500s between them, are willing to bang heads with anyone. And Little Al is fiercely proud of his family and its tradition. Less a renegade than his uncle, perhaps, but more independent than his father, he is set on carrying the Unser name forward a generation or two, dents and all. And so he has seized the chance to learn from his dad and uncle, drawing from their divergent styles his own winning combination. In fact, of the generation of racing sons just coming of age—including Mario Andretti's son Michael, 20, Geoff Brabham, 30 (son of two-time world champion Jack), and his own cousin, Bobby Unser Jr., 26—Little Al is the best bet to challenge or, as he would no doubt prefer to put it, take a place alongside the big daddies of race driving.

He is already the crowd's favorite son. He's the spitting image of his father, with

When Al Unser Jr. and his pregnant wife, Shelley, arrived in Las Vegas last month for the Coors Can-Am race at Caesars Palace, they headed straight for the casino to try their luck. Shelley put a silver dollar in the first slot machine in her path. She pulled the handle, peered expectantly at the spinning symbols and stood back as—jackpot!—150 silver dollars showered into the tray. Little Al, as he's called by those who don't know his dad well enough to call him Junior, was impressed. "Is that all you have to do?" he asked. "I'm gonna go get me some of them dollars."

Them dollars have been pouring in, sure enough, but not only from the slots. Unser, 20, is too young to play legally in Nevada's casinos (Shelley is 23), and a few cups of quarters gathered on the sly

continued

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America's Storyteller

the same defiant eyes, winning smile and round cheeks that bulge as if stuffed with three weeks' worth of chewing tobacco. Not a man plagued by uncertainty, he speaks his piece deliberately, with a Southwestern twang. "I've never wanted to be anything but a race car driver," he'll say.

"Junior sure reminds you of Huckleberry Finn. And I guess the world is looking for that," says driver-turned-race-car-manufacturer Dan Gurney, who must have been looking for the same thing himself. Gurney and Rick Galles, a car dealer, plan to pool their resources and campaign a new Gurney-built Eagle car on the CART circuit next year—with Little Al behind the wheel.

So there it is. Not yet 21, Unser has realized his deepest ambition—to move up to champ cars, as racers call the Indy machines. Already he's had the thrill of running with the big boys, having made his champ car debut in the AISCAL 500 in Riverside last month. In a show of cool persistence, he drove a March to a fifth-place finish behind CART champion Rick Mears. Gurney was pleased. "Junior's mature," he said. "He drives something like Mears, you know. He has the sense of how to pace his car to victory." Because he's a veteran of only one CART race, Unser will officially begin his rookie champ-car season next spring. He'll be the junior driver on the championship trail, which suits him fine. "I've always been the youngest," he says.

And always precocious. Things began moving for Little Al when he was seven. His father gave him a minibike, a bewildering gift coming from a man who a few months earlier had broken his ankle moto-crossing with his car owner, Parnelli Jones, on the golf course out back of Gasoline Alley at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. A likely pole sitter, Al missed the 500 that year. By the age of nine Al Jr. was racing Go-Karts with great success in the Albuquerque area, which serves as home base for the Unser clan. Al Jr. recalls that at about this time his parents "did their deal," fighting out a divorce in court and the headlines of the Albuquerque newspapers. Al Jr. spent most of the next four years with his mother, who resumed her maiden name, Wanda Puchta. He says, "A lot of parents say, 'How can your mom let you race?' She gets a little bit nervous. But she married a race driver and she knows what the risk is. She loves racing. She never

really wanted me to do anything else."

At 16, Little Al, who had decided to return to his father's home, ran his first professional race. It was a sprint car event at Speedway Park in Albuquerque, where Bobby, now 48, and Al Sr., 43, began their careers. "I wouldn't give up that experience for anything," Little Al says. "Racing sprint cars on the dirt taught me to be really aggressive, to hustle the race car and run wheel to wheel." It's also where he met Shelley.

In 1981, impatient to get on the road to Indianapolis, Unser left the dirt circuit and accepted an offer from Galles to drive Super Vee, a series featuring open-wheeled, Volkswagen-powered cars and considered the top training ground for Indy-type racing. He won four of nine races, edged veteran Pete Halsmer for the season points title and was named SCCA Rookie of the Year. Flushed with success, the Galles team wanted to jump directly into the CART fray.

Alarmed, Al Unser Sr. persuaded his son, and the Galles team, to run Can-Am instead. "He thought it'd help me get used to the horsepower and the top speed," says Little Al. "It was good for me that I ran this series. I think the first year in Indy cars really matters a lot. If you do good the car owners will see you and you'll get the good rides the next year. You know if you don't do it the first year, then you never will."

All along, Al Sr. has steered his son right. He pushed him into staying in high school and earning the diploma he himself never got. He convinced Little Al that he would always do better on a one-driver team, citing his own experience in the early '70s with the Vels-PJ group—with Andretti and two-time Indy car points champion Joe Leonard as teammates—and his subsequent decision to race, alone, for Jim Hall. (The problem is, says Al Jr., "who gets the good stuff?")

"I'd give anything for the boy to follow in my footsteps and be better than me," Al Sr. has said, but he has gone about blazing the trail more gently than has brother, who obviously had the same in mind for his son Bobby Jr. "My uncle's very demanding, maybe too demanding," says Al Jr. "He came from the '40s and '50s. It took a lot of work in those days to become a race driver. You had to do it on your own. With my dad, I didn't have to build my own race car. I've always had a car owner and a mechanic. But my uncle wanted Bobby Jr. to know how to do the

whole thing on his own. Bobby Jr. wanted to race very badly. His will was strong, and it's strong now, but it kind of got chopped in all these little pieces. You really have to have a strong backbone with my uncle. . . . My dad did a lot of things different. He would tell me if I made a mistake, and how to correct it. But my dad has never raised his voice at me about my driving."

Not that Al Jr. hasn't learned from Uncle Bobby. He says, "The one person I like to sit down and talk to is my uncle, 'cause he knows so much about chassis. He's a super driver, but what he really likes is getting a chassis working to perfection. There's so many things you can do to cure a car's problems. It's picking the one thing that cures it without hurting anything else. I like to concentrate on doing that." And as an aid to concentration, Little Al's gone so far as to name his dog Chassis.

As for a name for the kid—Shelley is due sometime this month—the Unseers are still talking. Male names only. Al looks like the winner. Albert the Third? No, Albert Richard. Why not Al III? "Because I don't like thirds," says Al. "Don't like seconds, either. I consider myself a junior." **END**



Al and Shelley won't call the baby Al II.

'A GUY CAN GET HOOKED ON BEING A HERO'

Drudgery and tension marked the Vikings' preseason, and a strike loomed, but in the end the author had one redeeming moment
by **AHMAD RASHAD**
as told to **FRANK DEFORD**

SATURDAY, Aug. 7: Officials

Well, our first exhibition game is behind us now. We beat Baltimore 30-14, and I played O.K. I even had a lot of fun out there until I started to get tired. Mostly I was annoyed that the game dragged on—it took an unusually long three hours and 53 minutes—because I missed a chance to see Virginia Ruzici play on TV in the finals of the U.S. clay courts. We went out together for a long time a few years ago.

I do want to reassure you, though, that I was a terrific captain. The Colts got to call the flip, and in our offense the quarterback decides whether to take penalties, so the extent of my job was to shake hands with the Colt captains, none of whom I knew. The referee did have a lot of fun with me, calling me "Coach Rashad" and carrying on like that.

You can tell how long a guy's been in the league by how he gets along with the officials. I mean, by now they all know me and they know I'm not a whiner; when I make a complaint, they know it's legit. And they're very human, just like anybody else. If I come back after

continued

Rashad bends over forward to be supportive of Kramer, who has a leg up on his past problems.





a play and say, "Hey, the guy's holding me," I can be almost positive that a flag will be thrown on the next play if he does it again. You know how it is in any job: The longer you stay around, the more they give you the benefit of the doubt. Any wide receiver who's a good guy and who's been in the league a few years is going to get the judgment edge on those calls when you're supposed to tap both feet down before you go out of bounds.

I'm back home in Lakeville now. We have off until tomorrow at five. The plane ride to the Twin Cities from Canton after the game felt sort of strange. Geez, things have changed, Frank. When I first came to the Vikings a charter would be like a flying pool hall, especially up front where all the oldtimers sat, tossing down whiskey and chain-smoking. A lot of the big guys rode up front then, and so we used to say that the planes we flew were always at an angle—high in back, low in front. But now the saloon atmosphere has disappeared, and first class is positively genteel. A couple of coaches sat up there tonight, and three of the players were reformed drinkers, on the wagon, and some of the others of us are cheap drunks, so beers were actually going begging.

It's terrific to get back here to my own house after nine days of training camp. I fed my dogs first and then I took a swim in my pool, and now I'm just sitting out here on the patio talking to you on the tape recorder. I love this place, Frank. I've lived out here for five years, about half an hour from downtown Minneapolis, and I've got three acres, a big pond in back, woods all around, and I'm at peace here.

When we drafted Darrin Nelson out of Stanford this spring and he started spouting all this nonsense in the papers about not wanting to live out in the North Woods, I sent him a telegram and told him to reserve his judgment till he got here. That's the worst thing about Californians—especially Southern Californians—they're so hung up on geography. I have a house in Los Angeles, too, and I'll probably settle there when I'm finished playing, because I want to go into television broadcasting and I think L.A.'s the best place for that, but I don't believe I'll ever live in any house that expresses my personality as well as this one.

I'm very lucky. My house fits me. And my name fits me. And my game fits me. When I first changed my name, I think I still looked like a Bobby Moore. But now, as time has gone by, I finally think I look like an Ahmad Rashad. And being a football player, specifically a wide receiver, is definitely right for me. Sometimes I've wondered rather longingly what my life would've been like if I'd taken up tennis as a kid and ended up on the court. And yet I know a lot of ten-

nis players, and they're always struggling not to be consumed by ego. And they have to play their sport all year round. The wonderful thing about football is that you can get away from it for half a year. I think that makes it easier to prepare for the rest of your life. If you don't get away from football during the off-season you're more likely to always think of yourself as a football hero.

The ideal way to think is that you're just the stuff that's inside a big jersey with a number on it, and that that's really all the fans are cheering for, and that they'll get some more stuff to jam inside that jersey when you're gone. That's what you should think, but, I'll tell you, Frank, when you make a big play, especially if you make the one that wins a game, it's suddenly very hard to be so dispassionate.

Anyway, the great thing about wide receiver is that while you're part of a team, you're also out there by yourself much of the time, independent, individual, even egotistical. It has always been just the right spot for me.

Thought for today: It took me only a few hours back in the real world to appreciate how terrible my language had become. One !?! week at camp and I sound like a !?! sailor. It's funny, though: As soon as I get with the guys, as soon as I go back to Mankato tomorrow, I'll be a toilet-mouth again, but the instant that I pick up a phone or start talking into the tape recorder, something just clicks in my brain and I start sounding like a normal human being.



SUNDAY, AUG. 8: The Ghost is gone

Shortly after I got back to training camp this afternoon, I ran into [back-up Quarterback] Steve Dils. All he said was, "The Ghost is gone." (Running Back) Doug Paschal was quitting. He figured he couldn't play with a bad knee, so he was leaving, going back to North Carolina to work in a bank.

I went right down to Doug's room. He was sitting there on his bed, surrounded by some of his best friends on the team. I asked him if what Dilsy said was true, and he said it was, and so then I asked him if he was sure that's really what he wanted to do. You see, almost all players want to control their own destiny. Nobody wants to get cut out of the game. But if you try to beat that, if you decide to get out on your own, then you're really burning your bridges behind you. You might regret that decision later and wonder for the rest of your life if you left too soon.

So The Ghost and I talked about that for a while, and then suddenly I realized that I was out of place. I even felt a little uncomfortable. Oh, sure, Doug appreciated that I'd come by, and he knew that I cared about him, but I'm supposed to be a star, and he and all the other guys there just assumed

that I couldn't really sympathize with Doug in these straits. There are, you know, a lot worse tragedies in life than dropping off a football team. My parents died within a few months of each other two years ago. I've been through a divorce. No, sure, I've never been cut, and I've never had to leave football. But I could understand I could empathize. But it was clear that Doug and the others there didn't think I could. So I put out my hand and I told The Ghost goodbye and good luck.

MONDAY, AUG. 9: Reggie! Reggie!

Dilby made a black mourning band out of tape and wore it at practice today in memory of The Ghost. That was nice of him. Most times, no matter who's cut, it's like the guy died. No, it's worse than dying because when you die people sit around and talk about you, eulogize you. When you're cut from a football team, it's more like you never existed at all. The ship sails every day, and if you're not on it, it's like you never were.

It's even that way when you're injured. You could score 16 touchdowns in the first half, but if you get hurt at the start of the second, you're forgotten. Your teammates walk right by you. There's nothing more shameful than to be an injured football player on the sidelines during a game. The coaches look at you like you smell bad, and if you don't look hurt, look hurt all over, you really are in trouble. Dumb me, I've just never learned to put on a mean face when I play and a pained one when I'm hurt.

The practice was highlighted today when Reggie Jackson appeared. Reggie! Reggie! The Angels are playing a series in Minneapolis, but they're off today, so Reggie got a sports-writer friend to drive him down to Mankato. He was instantly the center of attention. The photographers posed him centering for punts and all that sort of thing.

Reggie grumbled at all the fuss, as he always does. But I know Reggie, and I know if everybody isn't falling all over him, then he's really miserable. He's such a softy behind that tough shell, but he's also very suspicious of most people.

After Reggie stood and watched us for a while, he lay down, with a football as a pillow, over on the sidelines. Bud nodded at me, and I swallowed and went over. "Hey, Reggie, listen," I said, "it's Bud's rule. Nobody lies down. Nobody even sits down." He kind of squinted at me through his smoked glasses, like I must be putting him on. "No, I'm serious," I said. "There was an owner out here the other day, and Bud made him stand up."

Reggie said, "That's O.K. I make more money than any owner."

I looked down carefully at him. You never quite know when he's being serious and when he's playing with you. But he smiled now, and struggled to his feet.

I'll be the first to admit that Reggie can be difficult, but he's also a good friend and a good guy. Basically, he's a God-fearing, red-blooded all-American boy who feels strongly about a lot of things and isn't afraid to speak up. After practice the two of us went to Jake's bar with several other Vikings—Sammy White, Doug Martin, Eddie Payton and Duck White—and as soon as talk of the NFL players' strike came up, Reggie said, "You guys ought to be ashamed. The football union is an embarrassment to other sports."

Some of the guys at the table are a lot more sensitive about the union than I am, so I tried to take the edge off his statement. "Listen, Reggie, you've got to understand that it's not exactly the union's fault," I said. "A lot of the problem is [Players Association Executive Director Ed] Garvey, who's protected by a bunch of hand-picked players around him."

"So, get rid of Garvey," he said.

"Not so easy," I said. "One of the major complaints Garvey has with the owners is that there's such high turnover in the NFL. Look at me, I'm 32, I'm the oldest guy on a team. You're older than I am, and several guys on the Angels are older than you. That turnover protects Garvey. If we had more guys who've been around, more of us would be familiar with what a bad job he's done and he'd be out on his ass by now."

Reggie listened. He wanted to know why we weren't pushing harder for free-agent concessions. Nobody knows better than he does that owners have huge egos. Dammit, you just don't buy a major league franchise unless you have a large ego, unless you want to win and beat the other big egos. Most of the football owners want to win badly, and I'm sure they would pay to get free agents if we could work out a system, like baseball's, where the compensation wasn't so high. But instead, here Garvey goes on, tilting with the free-enterprise system, taking all the players off on this wild-goose chase for 55% of something that most of us know we can't possibly get.

Oh well. Reggie let us have it pretty hard, baseball vs. football, and by now the whole camp was buzzing because somebody had figured out that he made \$5,500 a day during his season. I kept trying to stand up for football, so when we came into the dining room, and there was all that food piled up, and the linemen were dishing it onto their plates, I stuck out my chest and said, "Look at that, Reggie, look at that food. You sure don't get anything like that in baseball."

And very softly, he turned to me and he said, "Ahmad,

continued



in baseball, we can afford to pay for our own food."

Thought for today: Tonight I was thinking again about The Ghost leaving, and I was wondering again if he'd made the right decision, and I remembered I'd met Ernie Banks once, in Las Vegas. I'd always thought he must be the most well-adjusted human being in the world. But I saw an interview on TV in which Ernie said he'd had to have some counseling after he left baseball so he could manage to go back into the real world. Maybe it's just that once you've been a baseball hero or a football hero there's no easy way out.

TUESDAY, AUG. 10: Black Centers

The worst day in camp by far. You're going to have days like this, Frank. You just pray there aren't too many. It seems that everybody was as bad as I was, too—no enthusiasm, everything dragging. After a day like this at Oregon once I quit the team. The next morning I just didn't get up. I was living at home then, and my parents were away on vacation, and I heard the phone ring. I knew it was the coaches calling, but I didn't answer. Just let it ring again and again.

Finally, around lunchtime a coach came over to the house. The head coach at Oregon then was a terrific gentleman named Jerry Frei. He's an assistant with the Broncos now. The reason he's not a head coach anymore is that he cared more about his players than he did about winning. It really showed on this occasion. It was brilliant the way the assistant handled me. He just came in and said it was time to get going if we were going to make lunch and the afternoon practice. He never screamed at me. None of the coaches ranted and raved and called me a quitter. They never even asked me any questions, because they were smart enough to know that every football player has his dog days. All of a sudden, it's just no fun at all, and you hate it.

Times like that, like today, I try to think about my parents, God bless them. Or I think about my older brother, whose name is Dennis Moore and who's the older person who most encouraged me in athletics. He threw me my first football. Dennis is the real star of the family. He's a self-made millionaire in real estate out in L.A. Whenever any of my three sisters see me, they always start in right away on when I'm going to stop playing games, get on with the rest of my life and start playing catch-up ball with Dennis. And they're absolutely right, of course.

I also called up my old friend O.J. Simpson when I got back to my room. That helped. He remembered days like this one. Hell, even he had days like this one.

Thought for today: Everybody always wants to know why

there have been virtually no black quarterbacks in the NFL. Well, there's hardly ever been a black center, either. I think, too, that especially nowadays, when quarterbacks seldom call their own plays, center might well be the most cerebral position in football. The center has to call all the line-blocking, adjusting to both offensive and defensive check-offs. Now, do you suppose, Frank, that black centers are a rarity because black linemen aren't smart enough or because the white coaches assume that black linemen couldn't possibly be smart enough? It has to be one or the other, doesn't it? Good night.

One more question, Frank. Do they have a black center at Grambling?

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11: Rookies

The Vikings give you a short day Wednesday. Bud probably wants to go fishing. If I were a doctor I'd play golf, but, instead, my girl friend Diane came down and we drove to a little town just up the road called St. Peter, because she went to school there at a small college named Gustavus Adolphus. It was just an afternoon retreat, a nice escape.

Earlier, the team had a passing scrimmage. By now, at least in my small part of the team, I've gotten to know a few of the rookies and even to think about a couple of them as people. I like this kid named Gerald Lucier, from Temple, very much. He caught a touchdown pass in a scrimmage the other day and wouldn't give the ball up. "I'm going to dream about this," he said. That was cute. There must be \$5,000 worth of footballs lying around, and he's hanging onto this one.

The Viking players have never been much on hazing rookies, but Bud likes to have some fun with them. They have to sing and tell jokes. And tonight a couple of kids entertained at dinner with an incredible medley—everything from *My Girl* to *Whip It*. The whole place was rocking, and the ghetto section was really on fire. Unfortunately, I think the two rookies have a better chance to make it at Motown than in Minneapolis.

Of course, your cultural judgment dims somewhat the longer you're stuck in training camp. The longer you're here, the worse the jokes, the better their response. For example, today Sammy White went up to Matt Blair, who has something of a new hairdo. "Mike Lynn wants to see you," Sammy said. Mike is the GM.

"Why?" Matt said.

"He wants to check your curl for chemical dependency." Guys were re-telling that and roaring at it all day. Maybe you have to be here to appreciate it. What do you

continued





For those of you
whose success cannot be measured
by a World Series ring

think, Frank? You're not here. Do you have to be here?

Thought for today: Never take it personally when coaches scream at you. Look at it this way: They yell at you just like your mommy did, and you were sure she still loved you. But coaches must also understand something: That it's not childish if a player doesn't accept being screamed at. Men don't like to be criticized any more than boys do.

THURSDAY, AUG. 12: The Thriller in Mankato

I made some unbelievable catches today. My hands must have finally caught up with my legs. I guess I've arrived. And the team too: We had our first real good fight today. Duck White, 6' 3", 270-pound defensive tackle, vs. Tim Irwin, 6' 6", 275-pound offensive tackle. They've been going against each other in the heat for two weeks, and I guess something finally cracked. Bud's way of dealing with these crises is to come over and watch. What can happen in a football fight with all those pads? The worst would probably be a broken finger or two, and what do inter-collegiate need fingers for anyway?

But better than the fight itself—which was a draw, maybe a double TKO—was the way the team responded. On the blackboard tonight someone had written THE THRILLER IN MANKATO, Duck (Right Hand) White vs. Tim (Mountain Man) Irwin. I played Don King, touting Irwin as The Great White Hope, and after the lights were dimmed and came back on again, Duck entered the room like Larry Holmes, his arms stretched before him, his hands riding on the shoulders of the guy in front of him. It was good fun, good for us all.

Thought for today: The difference between offense and defense on any football team is this: On defense one great player can save a play even if everybody else fouls up, but on offense it's the reverse. The offense depends much more on precision, and one player who goof's up can ruin everything for the other 10. Anyway, that's what this offensive player thinks.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13: Cheap-Shot Artists

The bad luck ain't the date. No, it's just that we've got to play the Atlanta Falcons tomorrow, and in my opinion they have the most unpleasant defensive team in the league—a bunch of old-time intimidators, border-line cheap-shot artists, real chippy guys who never accomplish much, except with their mouths. I always do my best against Atlanta. Last year, at the start of the game, Tom Priddy, who's playing opposite me, comes over and snarls, "Hey, I'm gonna be in your shirt all day." He was pounding his chest. I mean that, Frank. I'm thinking. What do you guys do, watch game films

or Tarzan films? I caught nine passes for 151 yards and two touchdowns. Atlanta makes me so mad that the only fight I ever got into in football was in a game against the Falcons. The ref saw me swing back, and it cost us 15 yards and took us out of a scoring drive. Even Sammy White, the nicest, most placid gentleman in the league, lost his temper once against the Falcons last year. They just take all the fun out of football.

But, then, life is never neat. I hate playing the Falcons but I always love coming to Atlanta because I love the Southern fried chicken and grits you can get here. I grew up in the Pacific Northwest, but both my mother and father had come from Louisiana, so I was brought up on grits. Mmmmm.

Tonight, safely settled in our hotel, we had a team meeting at nine-thirty. But no films, no Knute Rockne. It was

Bud's annual meeting when all that happens is that the rookies have to stand up and tell jokes. The star of the show was Curtis Rouse, a 300-pound guard. His jokes were just terrible, but his delivery was fantastic. I told you that for a big guy he has some great moves.

Afterward, I met Mark Mullaney upstairs for a couple beers. It's funny I may go days in camp and not really see Mark, because he's on the defense, but we're the best road buddies. That's because we have the same pregame temperament. We're not as intense as we're supposed to be. We'd distract other players if we hung around them.

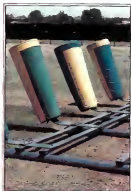
Thought for today: Quick—what do George Allen and Ahmad Rashad have in common? The answer is they both think special teams are crucial, especially since neither of them has to play on them.

SATURDAY, AUG. 14: Shake, and Come Out Unified

I started the day by skipping the team breakfast so I could order grits back in my room. Then, in the afternoon, I went to our team pregame meal. I seldom eat much there. I want to be lean and hungry when I'm playing. Today I didn't eat a thing, but later I ordered Southern fried chicken from room service. I must have eaten a whole chicken.

I raised hell at the team meal, because when I came in I looked around and almost every table was all-white or all-black. "What is this?" I hollered. "I thought Jim Crow was dead." And then I designated certain table integrators.

But don't get the wrong impression, Frank. This sort of thing is much more of a case of social choice than of any real racism. The black guys tend to feel more comfortable with other blacks—they start to talk black—and the whites with the whites. I guess they talk white. The trouble is, if this gets to be a habit, the same people end up eating together every





The Waldorf Astoria

WHEN AMERICAN BUSINESS HITS THE ROAD,
AMERICAN BUSINESS DECIDES ON HILTON.



meal, and in the long run that's not good for the team.

We—the whole team—decided that before tonight's game we would shake hands with the Falcons to show solidarity. I'm going along with the majority even though I still have some misgivings. Bud addressed us on this, and what he said was, "We coaches will stand behind you in whatever you choose, but do it as a group. Don't let anything divide you as a team." Fair enough. I'm just going to make sure I don't shake hands with any of those cheap-shot Falcon defensive backs.

The peak of my night was right before the game when I squinted across the field and picked out Steve Bartkowski and William Andrews next to each other and got so I could walk out and shake hands with them. They're two nice guys. The rest was terrible. Frank, I ate so much grits and chicken today, I was lousy and I couldn't run a lick. We lost and I played terribly. I'm sorry, I don't even want to talk about it. It's bad enough that I'll have to re-live it all on the films.

SUNDAY, AUG. 15: Losing is no fun

Back in Mankato. I could see trouble coming when I walked into the room. You always know if it's going to be a rough meeting if the coaches don't look you in the eye.

One rookie did bring the house down. They showed him a play where he couldn't get around somebody. "But, Coach," he said, "he put his EN-tire body in front of me."

Les Steckel, the receivers coach, an ex-Marine, was so mad at the EN-tire performance that he hollered, "If you guys had been fighting for me in Vietnam they'd be carrying me off in a body bag." I thought that was a classic until I looked around and saw most of the kids looking blank at Les. I don't think many of these guys remember Vietnam . . . at least not quite like Les does.

Thought for today: Football is the worst team sport of all to play if you lose. You ache more and it's longer before you get another chance to win.

MONDAY, AUG. 16: Strike news

The weirdest thing about this whole strike situation is how little we players know. I get most of my information from Diane, who picks it up from the papers or TV, or hearsay—just like everybody else. And yet my friends are calling me from all over the country to get the scoop from me, the real inside information.

Thought for today: Vince Lombardi is famous for making that remark about winning is everything but his wisest quotation was "Fatigue makes cowards of us all." I remember that often when I'm out there, exhausted.

TUESDAY, AUG. 17: A regular F.E.

[Linebacker] Scott Studwell and I went over to the Albatross tonight to be spectators. It's the meat rack in town, just across from our practice facility, and there's music and a DJ, but the real attraction this time of year is the Vikings. The choice talent from all over southern Minnesota and northern Iowa comes to the Albatross to try and land a Vike. I was drinking a beer and Scott was having soda water when a waitress brought him a note. It was from a girl across the way. You won't believe what it said. In its entirety: "Dear Scott, I would love to have your baby."

But Scott decided to stay there and watch the action with me. We like to look at the dancing. I've seen guys get carried off the practice field and be boogying at the Albatross a couple hours later. In fact, I've seen a lot of guys dance their way right off the Minnesota Vikings. California kids particularly. They've got to show off all their bot new steps to the hicks from Minnesota. And it can get to you. One time a couple of years ago, when Scott was still drinking pretty good, he got a few in him, and he turned to me and he got up and said, "Ahmad, now I'm going out and be a regular F.E."

"F.E.?"

"Sure," he said. "Fred Estaire."

Another thing, Frank. At the Albatross everyone's equal. In fact, it's better to be a reserve because the girls aren't so likely to approach a big name. The fringe guys can really score. So, often, the guys having the hardest time making the team must struggle with the most temptations.

Well, it's bed-check time, 11 p.m., I'm back in my room now, and I want to assure you that I resisted all urges to be an F.E. Through the years a lot of rookies have found out the hard

way that it's not wise to sneak out after bed check and return to the Albatross for a late date. That's when the coaches start arriving.

Thought for today: Fran Tarkenton once told me that ideally every player should be traded about every three years. He may be right. I feel like I've been here, in camp, a year and a half. If it were a new team, with a new system, new guys, new hangouts, I'm sure I'd be more alert and interested. More involved, Frank.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 18: Fame

A couple of your colleagues from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED were here today. The photographer was taking pictures of [running backs] Ted Brown and Darrin Nelson. Everybody on the team tried to stand closer to those guys. Teddy and Darrin never knew they had so many friends. Eddie Payton leads the team in getting himself into other people's pictures.

continued



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And some of us just never get our pictures taken enough. I don't think that I ever got the publicity that a player with my stats should have. I was always in the wrong town or I had the wrong name . . . or something. I'm not alone. It happens to a lot of guys. Tonight was Joe Senser's 26th birthday, and Diane was down because it's Wednesday, the short practice day, so she and I celebrated Joe's birthday with his girl and some of his old friends from Philly who were visiting. Joe's a great tight end, but how many people know that? Russ Francis came out of retirement and signed with the 49ers this year, and everybody swooned, but Francis was never the player that Joe is. It's just that they started calling Francis "all-world" on network TV, and everybody picked it up and believed it.

Thought for today: Good eyes don't mean all that much in football. In the air a football pass just looks like a blob to me, and I've caught 472 blobs. I need glasses when I play tennis, because the ball is so much smaller, but in football the important thing is to have quick eyes, not necessarily clear ones.

THURSDAY, AUG. 19: Chemical dependency

We had another drug-awareness lecture the other day, and the guy from the Hazelden rehab center said that if you're at work and your mind is on a drink or a snort, then that's the first sign you're chemically dependent. Well, it was another very hot day today, and at practice all I could think about was getting over to Jake's for a pitcher of beer.

Thought for today: Does this mean I'm a . . . ?

FRIDAY, AUG. 28: A New Face

We picked up [Middle Guard] Charlie Johnson from the Eagles. That's really good. I assume that Charlie can still play, and he's a great guy, but what's more important, our management has shown us it believes we have a contending team and it's doing what it can to improve the team right away, this season. Sometimes just getting a player is more important than exactly how well he might actually perform.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21: Solidarity

We played our first game in the Metrodome tonight. I talked to [Wide Receiver] Steve Largent of the Seahawks before the game because he was very curious to find out whether I would go along with a strike. He knows how I feel about Garvey, and he doesn't want to strike himself. But I told him we were acting as a team.

Oh, by the way, we beat Seattle, and the turf was just fantastic. I felt a little disoriented—are we really the home

team?—in the new place but I'm sure I'll get used to these surroundings soon enough.

Thought for today: All this talk about handshakes before the game. After the game I always make it a point to shake the hand of anybody on the other team who offers me his. I then say, "Good luck and stay healthy." It shocks a lot of guys.

SUNDAY, AUG. 22: You should have been more open

I got chewed out some in the meeting. I mentioned earlier that nobody likes to be criticized, but it's also true that you can take criticism a helluva lot easier if you've lost the game. For example, today, Steckel ran the film over on one play and said, "Hey, Rashad, you were open there, O.K., but you should have been more open." That really burned me up.

More open? That's like saying you should have scored more of a TD.

Thought for today: There was a note on the bulletin board: "Tentatively, training camp will end this week." And tentatively speaking, I will be glad to get out of here.

MONDAY, AUG. 23: Remote control

Diane came down to see me. It's really bugging me now, being here. I think you can only keep grown men together in one building for so long. I've found a new hangout. It's a little place about 20 minutes from here called The Speakeasy, and it's quiet and peaceful and nobody goes there to see Vikings.

We had another great meeting tonight. Sometimes the coaches show us a composite film of one particular play. For example, they'll put together a whole reel of play No. 62, which is a pass, going back through several seasons of 62s.

Only invariably what happens with these composite films is that the coaches are so conditioned to scream at anybody for making a mistake that they will yell at you here, even though the play that they're watching may have been run two years ago. Tonight, though, Burns really outdid himself. He was showing us a four-year-old 62, and Bob Tucker, the tight end, ran his pattern loose. And Burns just couldn't help himself. He started screaming at Tucker . . . and Tucker retired two years ago.

I made the suggestion that we call Tucker up in New Jersey and scream at the sonuvabitch for running his pattern too deep on a 62 in 1978.

My feet are sore and my knees hurt, so, rather than retire, I bought one of those remote-control devices for my TV. Now I don't have to get up from my bed and walk four steps to change channels.

Thought for today: I watch too much TV.



TUESDAY, AUG. 24: A Ku Klux Klansman

I dropped by the Albatross last night, and there was an offensive teammate of mine at the bar. I said hello, and he mumbled to me and then he turned his back on me and kept it that way for the next 45 minutes. Now, yes, there was a girl—a rather large girl—on the other side and he was trying to talk to her, and also we've been teammates for a couple years and know we have very few things in common.

So today, half-kidding, I told another black player in a loud voice in the locker room to stay away from the guy from the bar because he was a Ku Klux Klansman. And the guy looked hurt, and said he hadn't meant it that way, which was nice, and now I want to forget about it. But I had to say something, Frank. If you let that sort of thing pass, it may start happening all the time, the way it did in St. Louis. That's one of those things that can pull a team apart.

Thought for today: The more organized and computerized the game becomes, the more difficult it is to be spontaneous out there. Tarkenton would actually solicit advice during a game, and if you told him you were open on something you could be sure he'd file that away and eventually call it. Hell, sometimes Fran would make up plays in the huddle, like on the sandlots. But nowadays the coaches really don't want any advice from players. It might contradict the computers. The watchword is: Everybody do his job—meaning players play and coaches choose the plays.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 25: Two-a-days

Diane came down today and we had dinner with the Kramers over in St. Peter. Tommy's never going to have any more problems as long as he has Carrie.

My knees are really bugging me, and if I wasn't captain I'd beg off for a couple days. And would you believe it: We're still on two-a-days. Just my luck. When I was young and could go all day we had an old team that couldn't tolerate two-a-days. Now we're a young team that needs two-a-days and I'm too old for that foolishness.

Thought for today: Only one. We break camp on the day after tomorrow.

THURSDAY, AUG. 26: Positive reinforcement

I am driving Charlie Johnson up to Minneapolis when camp breaks. He's really excited being with a new team, and he's also looking forward to going to Denver, where we play Saturday, because he's never been there. It made me think that I can't remember the last time I was really turned on about a preseason game. By now there are only about six regular-season games a year I get excited about. Now understand: I

don't mean I only get "up" for five or six. I'm a pro. I still get up for them all. I just don't get excited for very many.

The longer you're around and the better you play, the more you must manipulate yourself. Tarkenton pointed out to me that once you achieve a certain level, everybody expects you to do that well all the time, so you almost never get any PR—Positive Reinforcement—from others. You should have been more open. That's probably why stars seem to have more paranoia than average players.

I'm no different than anybody else. I need people to say "nice catch" to me, too—even 472 catches later. Diane didn't even realize that. She thought it was enough for me that if I did something good it was reported in the newspaper. But at least I could tell her I needed attention. Most people you can't, and so if you're good, after a while you must learn how to please yourself, how to excite yourself.

Thought for today: Are you kidding? Camp is all but over!

FRIDAY, AUG. 27: Reading defenses

Two of my favorite people are here in Denver: Jerry Frei, my coach at Oregon, is the Broncos' offensive line coach. And my brother Dennis brought his family in from Los Angeles to watch me play. His son, Michael, is a good little athlete and Dennis is a Little League father—they were out throwing a ball around in the park—but Michael's got the right priorities, too: studies before athletics.

Thought for today: I'm quite sure I can read defenses as well as any quarterback. The most difficult thing for a young wide receiver to understand is that when you're wide open over the middle you're really being sucked into double coverage and the likelihood of an interception.

SATURDAY, AUG. 28: Status

I've got to keep especially alert when I'm in the game tonight because Bud is planning to use Wade Wilson a lot. Wade is the third-string quarterback and—this is no reflection on him, it's just a matter of human nature—I've found through the years that if a fairly inexperienced, insecure quarterback comes into the game, he's going to throw to names more than to open receivers. What I mean is, a reserve comes in, he's automatically thinking, where's Rashad, or where's White, because those guys have caught the most balls, so I'm going to them. I may have three guys hanging on me and still see the ball coming my way a lot tonight.

Don't kid yourself. Status plays a big part in this game. Nobody ever used his presence better than Tarkenton did. There were any number of times when I saw him exchange a



few innocent words with a guy on the other team and, all of a sudden, Fran had a friend over there instead of a tormentor.

I especially remember one game against the Lions when Detroit was rushing Fran to death. Then there was a measurement, and while the officials were dragging the chains out and going through all that, old Fran sidles up to Dave Purefory, the Lions' defensive end, and he says, "Hey, Dave, how's it going? Tough out here today, huh?"—you know, just some chitchat like that, like they were a couple guys hanging around a mall. Purefory pulls up and gets a big smile on his face; you can just see him signaling the other Lions. Sure, I know the great Fran Tarkenton, we're regular bosom buddies. And the other guys are thinking: Hey, this Tarkenton must be a pretty good guy, a big star like him stopping to talk to us. And I swear, Frank, you could see the kill go right out of their eyes. Purefory became a regular pussycat after that, and Fran started picking Detroit bare. Tarkenton was the smartest player I ever saw. He stayed in the league an extra three or four years strictly by using his head.

Thought for today: I just got my mail and there was a letter from [playwright] Neil Simon. That was very nice of him. We played doubles together in a celebrity tournament in Las Vegas. I'm not telling you this to name-drop. But the point is, I like very much being associated with a guy like this, because I believe that the more you're with successful people—whatever their fields—the more chance that some of what made them successful will rub off on you.

SUNDAY, AUG. 29: Strike thoughts

We didn't get back to the Twin Cities till four this morning, which wouldn't be so bad except we played terribly in Denver. I find it increasingly hard to concentrate with the damn strike dangling. I kept thinking: What if I get hurt out here tonight and then we don't even have a season?

The players' reps are having some sort of emergency session, and frankly the way I feel now, I wish they'd just strike and get it over with—because that's obviously what it's coming to. Then I could get on a plane and fly to New York and see the U.S. Open.

MONDAY, AUG. 30: Bring your playbook

Today we began practicing at the Vikings' complex outside Minneapolis. I was standing there in the locker room with Gerald Lucier, the rookie from Temple, when Les Steckel came over. "Gerald," he said, "Bud wants to see you. Bring your playbook." That means only one thing. You're gone. You're dead. The ship is sailing without you.

Right down the way there was a rookie free-agent punter named [Jeffrey] Wilson. Nice kid. I've talked to him a few times in the last couple weeks. He sighed. They had come to cut someone, but he wasn't tapped. In a few minutes Gerald came back into the locker room. "Listen," I told him, "you gave it your best. Don't be bitter at the business. They didn't cut you. They just cut a number." He nodded, sort of. Anyway, he still has that football he caught for a touchdown in the scrimmage.

And then, just a couple minutes later, another coach came and told the punter that Bud wanted to see him. He bit the dust too.

It was a picture-perfect day to work out—dry air, not a cloud in the sky. It was the first day when it didn't feel like summer. Maybe it's going to be an early autumn. We have one more preseason game left, against the New Orleans Saints here this Friday, and you always want to win that last exhibition because it gives you a good rolling start into the regular season.

Thought for today: That rookie punter who was cut—I remember chatting with him while back in training camp and he said he couldn't understand how anybody could strike the NFL, that it must be such a thrill just playing. That one word is a large part of our problem. Officials work a game and announcers work a game, but we always—they say—play a game. It would really help if we could change verbs.

TUESDAY, AUG. 31: Double coverage

I did an interview with [Viking Running Back] Tony Galbreath for my weekly TV show on WCCO. It went fine, but it seemed to me that I was more excited about doing the show than I've ever been in the past. That says something, I think. Television used to be an interesting extra thing in my life. Now it's my future.

Thought for today: I caught 80 passes three years ago and only 58 last year, but that doesn't mean that I've declined. I had more double coverage used against me last year. Often a receiver is more valuable to his team with many fewer catches. The trick is to stay alert all the time. You're only going to get a handful of chances in every game, and the whole point is to be ready when one comes along. Maybe the thing that I'm proudest of in my 11 seasons in the NFL happened one year when the Vikings made up one of those composite films. This one consisted only of examples of Minnesota players making mental errors—a summary of all the stupid things that we'd done all year long. I was in almost every offensive play the whole season, and I didn't appear in that film a single time.

continued

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1: The Great White Hope

Fight No. 2 for Mountain Man Irwin. Another bout during practice, against Doug Martin. The Great White Hope was a decisive winner this time. He got some good licks in, between Doug's face-mask bars; Doug only got one to the stomach and a nice kick. On the 10-point-must system, I give this round to Irwin 10 to 3½ (kicks count half).

And you know what, Frank? Guess. After practice Doug and Tam went fishing together.

Thought for today: No, I'd never make a lineman. I'll never understand those guys.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 2: The wife factor

If I were Ed Garvey, my greatest concern would be the wife factor. If the strike goes past a paycheck or two, that's where the real pressure is going to come from.

In many ways it's harder being a football wife than it is being a football player. Especially in difficult times. The player always has some teammates to turn to. I'm glad I'm not married now, that I won't have a wife who'll have to endure the transition I have to make—going from being very visible, a football hero, to being just somebody else in the real world. The problem with being a player's wife is that it's difficult, really difficult, for her to understand what's happening to him psychologically. He looks the same to her. A wife doesn't lose a step the way a player does. Actually, it's only women who get better with age, football players don't.

So, tomorrow's the last preseason game, at home against New Orleans. A good one to win. And you know what, Frank? It's really cooling off now. The mornings are crisp, and you need a jacket at night. The first leaves are starting to change high around the pond. It feels like autumn all of a sudden. It really does. It feels like football season.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 3: A football hero

I'm talking while I'm driving home. Here's what happened tonight:

I was scheduled only to play the first half, and when it was over, I was satisfied with my effort. For that matter, the whole team seemed to be coming together—just in time for the regular season. So I spent most of the second half back on the bench, drinking a little Gatorade, talking to the ball boys, generally goofing off. We had them 17-14 late in the game when Darrin Nelson fumbled. New Orleans recovered, and Archie Manning took them in. Saints, 21-17.

Then, on the kickoff, Mardye McDole, my replacement, got injured, and Bud sent me in. Tommy began to move us,

and we reached their 28 with 21 seconds left—maybe three plays to go.

I felt terrific. I love it this way. I don't think I ever play better than when I feel really needed, when the onus is on me and I've got a chance to do really great things.

The defensive back opposite me was a rookie from Nebraska. I'd been reading about him in the papers because he's from Minneapolis, and there's been a lot of stuff about hometown boy returns. I'm sure that he wanted nothing more in the world than to finish off with an interception in his hometown. I've got to think his adrenaline was pumping more than his mind.

Tommy called a play known as 60 X Z, and I gambled that the next call would be the companion pattern, which is 60 X Post. So, in effect, I wasted myself. I ran the Z route but I ran

it sloppily, hoping the rookie would be lulled into a false sense of security by covering it fairly easily. He had to think I was a piece of cake. The pass went incomplete to the other side, and as I turned back to the huddle I saw Bud, and he gave me a fist. That made me feel very determined, to know that here it was, on the line, and he was saying, hey, I'm counting on you, Captain.

Tommy called 60 X Post. And this time I made the same move on the hometown boy, so he thought it was the same play as before, but then I cut once more, sharply now, back toward the center of the field. He wasn't anywhere near me when I caught the pass for the winning touchdown with just 14 seconds left.

I couldn't just go right home afterward, Frank. I had to go out, I had to savor it. I went to my favorite bars, Grandma's Saloon & Deli and The Loon Cafe, and I won't kid you: It felt

terrific. The crowd never left me alone. Everybody was patting me on the back and buying me beers and saying nice going. And I felt good for two reasons: I was the hero and I must have the image of a nice person if so many people kept approaching me, glad to make me happy.

I know what you're thinking, Frank. Listen, when I'm in a situation like that I have to wonder about myself. But don't worry: I think I'm O.K. I think I've still got a major grip on life. I'm 32 years old and I realize that it's just as dangerous in a bar getting slapped on your back as it is out there on the field being tackled. I understand, and I think I'll be able to walk away from this when it's time and not miss it too much.

But I'll tell you, I could sure see again tonight how a guy can get hooked on being a football hero because here I was a football hero once again, and I loved every minute of it.

O.K., I'll talk to you again. It's real late now, and I'm on my way home at last.

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Reminiscence

by TED SMLEY

**BROTHER JOHN WOULDN'T LET A BUM
LEG HOBBLE HIM AS A FIGHTER OR FLYER**

My brother John was afraid to enter the boxing tournament. He wasn't afraid of being hurt; God knows he'd lived with pain such as few have experienced and laughed it off. John was afraid he might hit someone too hard—hard enough to cause permanent injury.

He'd hit Dutch Hunzberger, a kid who lived in our neighborhood in Franklin, Pa., too hard three years before, a glancing blow to the jaw that landed with full force on the collarbone. It broke Dutch's jaw, cheekbone and collarbone—in two places—and it dislocated his shoulder. Dutch was a bully who particularly enjoyed picking on cripples. My brother John was a cripple.

John was a victim, at age 8, of the infantile paralysis—polio—epidemic that occurred about the same time as the great post-World War I influenza epidemic. The early symptoms of polio are flulike, so the parents of a sick child often went through agony while awaiting a diagnosis. In John's case the virus afflicted his left leg, leaving it weak and shriveled. Our parents spent thousands upon thousands of dollars on specialists, on operations to stretch muscles and revive nerves, on treatments designed to strengthen the leg. Nothing worked.

Except John. During the months his leg was in a cast and he was on crutches, John did his exercises relentlessly. After the cast was removed he worked twice as hard, twice as long. He developed his right leg and upper body until they were enormously muscular. Although he was only 5'9" and 135 pounds when he was 19, John had the hand, arm and shoulder strength of Max Baer, and his right leg had the power and grace of Bronco Nagurski.

In addition to his physical strength, John had strength of character in full measure. Never once, in the months and years of operations and painful treatment did anyone hear him whimper. He was happy and cheerful, certain that this new operation or that regimen would revital-

ize his leg. When yet another failure became obvious, he would just work harder on the rest of his body, never letting his disappointment show.

In 1926, our family moved to Windsor, Conn., partly to be near The Loomis Institute, now The Loomis Chaffee School, where we subsequently attended classes. The doctors continued to work on John's leg, and he continued to work on building up his body.

Shortly after my father's death in 1929, John called a halt to further medical experimentation. It was useless, he told our mother, our older brother, Chas, and me, the youngest, in a family conference. To go on meant more futile pain



ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD HARTLEY

and wasted money and time. "I'm so far behind in school I can't ever catch up," I recall him saying. "I'll get a job, and we'll see what happens."

Getting a job was no problem for John. He had an instinctive understanding of all sorts of machinery. Garage mechanics often called him in—without pay—when they were baffled. When he was just a teen-ager, he could have set up shop as a consulting mechanic, with a regular fee schedule, and made a fortune.

But he hadn't done that. He had gotten a job as a machinist in a factory in Hartford, which is why Chas and I were able to talk him into entering the 1932 Connecticut State Amateur Boxing Championship Tournament with me. At least it was billed as that, although I never read anything about it in *Boxing* magazine or *The Ring* magazine. But that's beside the point. The point is that John needed some extra money to buy parts for an airplane he was building in our attic. The airplane was of his own design as well as

of his own making. It was an airplane that would fly. An airplane that did fly. An airplane put together piece by piece with love and care over a period of almost five years. I have long forgotten what John needed for his plane, but I remember that it would cost about \$40, which in those days was a helluva chunk of cash, considering that the used 1917 Model T Ford John drove to work in every morning had cost him only \$5 and another couple of dollars for parts. Gasoline then was 20¢ a gallon, except during local price wars when it dropped to half that. Forty dollars was a fortune.

The promoters of the boxing tournament had a good gimmick going. Each division winner in the elimination tournament would receive a watch valued at \$35, and each runner-up a watch worth \$15. Few of the fighters even bothered to open the boxes; the watches were exchanged for cash before the fighters left their corners. The same two boxes were probably used all the time; they may not have contained watches at all. But no one cared. The bow toward amateurism had been made.

The thought of a possible \$70—should we both win—toward airplane parts was what persuaded John to enter the tournament, because he knew that if I won he would be welcome to my purse, too.

Three of us signed up together: our friend Gig Flynn in the bantamweight class, John as a lightweight and I as a paperweight. I don't recall what names we used, but I'm sure they weren't our own. The tournament was held in a scruffy hall in East Hartford, then a semi-slum bedroom community for Hartford. The hall was of the sort usually associated with roller skating or dance marathons, and it stank of stale humanity, tobacco and urine. In the alleged dressing rooms, a nose-burning disinfectant added to the stench.

The "attending physician" had a stethoscope around his neck but he never used it. He had us take our shirts off and asked a few questions: "Had any headaches lately? You see O.K.? Got any heart trouble, hernia or other disease? O.K., have a good fight."

I figured to win any division without any problem. I was as tall then as I am now, 5'9", and weighed in at 103

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REMINDANCE...continued

pounds. I had been a boxing fan since age six and had taught myself to box by reading books and magazines. While John had done his exercises, I had done mine—shadowboxing and bag-punching, all the while concentrating on short, straight punches and hitting through, not at, the target. Hundreds and thousands of times I'd imagined an opponent's round-house swing and stepped inside it to deliver the straight left and the right cross. Time and again I'd ducked under a right and delivered Bob Fitzsimmons' pivot punch.

Those times when John was on his feet we sparred together. He never hit me, but just concentrated on picking off my punches with his gloves. In school I slaughtered all opponents, up to and including welterweights.

A goodly collection of our friends made the safari to East Hartford for the show. Some of them acted as seconds. I think Stan Klein seconded Gig, but if so, he wasn't very effective. Gig got KO'd in the first round.

My turn came next. I towered over my opponent, a dark-haired, husky little fellow, and kept my left in his face the full three rounds. His wild punches were always six to eight inches short of the mark. I didn't hurt him. I didn't throw a right the entire fight. Just kept rat-a-tat-tatting my left onto his nose, mouth and eyes. I won easily.

Then came John's bout. All our friends were accustomed to his bad leg and accepted it, but the moment John walked into the ring there was an audible indrawing of breath, followed by murmuring and more than a few boos. The ring announcer went into a huddle with the referee, and the two bent down to talk with the ringside judges and a few others. After they agreed to let the fight go on, the referee brought the fighters to the center of the ring for the instructions. The ref told John, "I'm against this fight, and I'm telling you, I'm going to stop it first excuse anyone gives me. We don't want no crips fighting here."

John said, "Don't worry about me, sir. I can defend myself, and I'll try not to hurt him too bad."

John's opponent was a well-made, sandy-haired chap with no front teeth and a misshapen nose. From the cheers he drew it was obvious he was the local favorite.

The whistle blew. I pulled off John's bathrobe, handed it to Stan, and as John

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stood up I removed the stool from the ring. Half-naked as he was now, the fans could see his magnificent upper body, the triangle of 40-inch shoulders and tiny waist, and there were some whistles and applause.

At the bell John hobbled to mid-ring and planted himself there, left leg and shoulder slightly advanced, left arm partly extended, both hands chest high. His opponent circled him, faking with left jabs. John kept his semi-useless left leg planted, moving only with his strong right leg.

The sandy-haired fighter grew bolder and moved a little closer, now aiming his jabs at John's face and head. None of them landed. John's gloves were always there to block the punches, and his strength was too great for his hands to be knocked aside. For the full three minutes of the first round, John stayed on the defensive. He threw not one punch, but neither did one get through to him. The crowd was unhappy and began to boo both fighters.

The referee came over to our corner between rounds and warned us that he would disqualify John for not fighting unless he began to throw leather.

"Where would be the best place to hit him?" John asked. "I don't want to hurt him too bad."

The referee at first looked as though he were about to explode, and then he took another look at my brother's shoulders and arms.

"He means it, sir," I said. "He isn't being fresh."

"I don't care where you hit him or whether you hit him or not," the referee said, "as long as you try, and don't hit low."

"Hit him in the belly, Jack," someone in our corner said. I think it was Stan, but he doesn't remember saying it. The second round began where the first had ended, but John's opponent, deciding he'd better score some points or have the fight called "no contest," tried to move in on John. Swinging with both hands, leaving his body unprotected, he hurled himself forward. That was all John needed. His right knee bent slightly and then straightened. His back muscles rippled for an instant, and his neck and shoulder muscles bunched, then smoothed as his right fist exploded forward. The punch caught John's opponent squarely on the navel. The guy's feet came up, his head came down, and he flew backward through the

air at least five feet before landing on the canvas, still doubled over.

As soon as the referee finished the formality of counting, John was down beside the fallen boxer, giving him artificial respiration. The kiss-of-life technique had not yet been invented, but the old-fashioned, prone-pressure method was good enough, and within a minute John had his man breathing. The guy had to be carried out of the ring.

A deputation of officials was waiting for us when we came out of the dressing room. There was no way, they said, that they could allow a damn freak, a damn cripple to continue to box in the tournament. Somebody had made a stupid mistake in letting John enter. They couldn't risk his getting hurt, or hurting somebody else, like a real fighter. So how about withdrawing while everybody's good friends?

John refused. "I entered to win that \$35," he said. "If you try to disqualify me, I'll go see Bill Lee about it." Lee was a sportswriter for *The Hartford Courant* and influential in the boxing world.

The officials put their heads together and came up with an acceptable solution. They would pay John \$35—no, \$50!—to withdraw. I would have taken the \$50 without hesitation, but all John would take was the \$35. Typical, too honest for his own good.

It still haunts me that the fight, the \$35 and a large part of the \$35 I subsequently earned by winning my division may have contributed to my brother's death. The money allowed him to finish the airplane in the attic. Finish it, lower it to the ground, truck it to an airfield hangar, put it together and fly it. It flew so well that he sold it for enough money to buy a larger, commercially made plane.

Hobbled on the ground, a cripple and always conscious of it, John felt at home in the air. Before turning to motorized aircraft he had made gliders, and together we had flown from hilltops.

He could never have been a commercial pilot. Bureaucrats rarely can see beyond the obvious, and John had a gimpy leg. Definitely against the rules. But the air was his medium, a medium that demands perfection. Something went wrong with John's commercially built airplane on May 30, 1934. The plane crashed and John, age 21, was killed. No one ever found out the how or the why of it, and no one who ever knew him has ceased to mourn him.

First Person

by ANDREW SLOUGH

FOUR SHOTS ON AN ELK HUNT ALL BUT DESTROY EIGHT YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Barbara, my wife, said, glancing nervously toward the end of the Jeep trail. From there the headlights of our vehicle illuminated a single track, which crossed a stream and disappeared into some willows. "What if you get lost?"

"I'll make camp," I said as she helped me put on the heavy pack. Hiking on a moonless night seemed foolhardy, yet it was necessary, which was indication enough that this elk hunt had already

undeserved, capricious good fortune—so when mine appeared in the mailbox, I was elated.

Because I wasn't wearing a watch, I didn't know how long I'd been hiking. It might have been an hour since the trail forked through waist-high rye grass onto a shale slide. I had used the flashlight sporadically at first and constantly later, and now its weak beam cast a dim orange light on the faint trail. Just when I decided it was foolish to go any farther in search of my friends, a light flickered beneath a large spruce to my left. Camp.

I had known Richard for eight years—since my first winter in Ketchum, Idaho—and I still couldn't separate his reputation from reality. He was tall, blond, blue-eyed and had built a life-style around living dangerously. Even in

panionship it offered nearly as much as for the stalk and shot.

"How'd you find us?" Richard whispered as he helped me off with my pack and put a cup of hot soup in my hand.

"Blind dumb luck and perfect directions," I said, glancing at the two pitched tents. Richard had already hunted alone with a bow for two weeks out of this camp. Hunting elk with a rifle on foot is difficult enough—with a bow it's nearly impossible. Elk are smart and wary and have excellent eyesight, hearing and smell. To approach within effective bow range requires an extraordinary degree of patience and skill as well as a great deal of luck. If Richard had the first two in abundance, he came up short on the last. In two weeks he hadn't gotten a shot. He'd eventually hiked out, picked up Jack and gone back in to try again. As I sipped the soup, I listened to his story. His frustration was obvious.

"Where can I put this?" I asked, indicating my Weatherby .270.

"Lay it on the tarp." His flashlight showed two other rifles side by side on the green plastic. I froze as I calculated what those two rifles meant. Richard hadn't drawn a tag. Jack had one, but he'd never been a serious hunter. Later I learned that Richard had encouraged him to put in for a tag. They had an agreement: If one was lucky in the draw, in exchange for a hindquarter, the other would go along to help butcher and pack out. It's

a common enough arrangement—one that meets the need for a companion to share the work. But Richard, it seemed to me, meant to carry the deal a step further—if he could he would fill Jack's or even my tag. That it was illegal didn't appear to matter.

"Jack didn't have a rifle so I loaned him one," said Richard, who had read the message in my reaction. "And I bought a bear tag, so my Remington's legal."

I regarded the rifles and told myself that whatever agreement Richard and Jack had made didn't concern me. In the morning we would head in different directions. Still, I considered hiking back out. Was I overreacting? How often had I heard about hunters tagging game they

continued



been characterized by bad luck. My plan had been to start hiking much earlier in the day, at 3 p.m., with Richard and Jack (as I shall call them), but I'd missed the morning flight from San Francisco, where I'd been to a wedding, to Boise. Richard and Jack had waited until dusk, then left exact directions with Barbara and started up to camp. Now, at 8 p.m., I had to hike up a dark, unfamiliar canyon toward a spike camp I'd never seen.

Richard had said it was a 2½-hour hike in. I switched off my flashlight to conserve the batteries, let my eyes adjust to the dark and began working my way uphill.

I had tried for eight years to draw a permit. Typically it was a bulls-only hunt limited to less than 75 tags. Those lucky enough to have their names drawn for a permit always regarded it as the equivalent of winning big in keno or roulette—

Ketchum, a ski resort town where taking risks is the rule rather than the exception, Richard was in a class by himself.

We'd met when he was my upstairs neighbor in a condominium complex within skiing distance of the River Run lifts. One night Richard threw a party, and the noise was deafening. Full of self-righteous indignation, I marched up to complain. What followed, of course, was the comedy cliché in which the angry neighbor emerges two days later wearing a lampshade on his head.

Since then we had fished, skied and hunted together, and if we weren't best friends, we were certainly very good ones—members of a close group that had postponed career and children to enjoy winters skiing in a first-class resort. I was looking forward to this hunt for the com-

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FIRST PERSON *continued*

hadn't shot? It happens, and no one makes a big deal out of it. Should I?

I should have. Richard had offered me an opening, but I didn't want to seem hard-nosed or ungrateful: he had put in a lot of time organizing the hunt, and, besides, I couldn't think of exactly what to say. "There are elk all around us," Richard whispered, pouring boiled stream water into our canteens. "In the morning they'll bugle north there. And I've seen a six-point twice in a meadow along the ridge. Both you guys stand an excellent chance of getting a shot."

I didn't sleep well. I dreamed that Richard shot an elk while I waited on a stand. The dream woke me and for a long time I lay listening to the stream. Ice crystals had formed on the tent, and cold air pushed past my head into my down bag. If I kept quiet the next morning, I was certain Richard would shoot an elk. My silence would guarantee it. And that same silence would force me to tag it.

An hour before daybreak I heard Richard loading his day pack. If I didn't say something now, I wouldn't get a chance later.

"Richard, I appreciate all you've done, the scouting and the setting up of camp, but I've waited a long time for this hunt and I don't want you to shoot my elk." Inside the other tent, which Richard and Jack had shared, Jack stopped moving. "It's important that I do it myself."

"If I get a shot, you don't want me to take it?" he said after an uncomfortable pause.

"No, I don't. Not for me. . ."

"If that's what you want, all right," he said as he stood and shouldered his pack.

Then I thought I must have blown things out of proportion. Maybe he was after a bear. Maybe I had misjudged him and, if I had, I must have looked petty.

"Settle in against that tree," he said, pointing to a distant fir barely visible in the coming dawn. "If I spook any elk out of that gulley they'll move uphill toward you or Jack, who'll be on that ridge over there. Good luck." Then he and Jack headed off.

I didn't want to shoot an elk on opening day. The season would last five weeks, and Warm Springs was less than 20 miles from my front door. After waiting eight years I wanted to savor the hunt.

The hike through alternating stands of spruce and open meadow wasn't hard, and half an hour later I settled against the

continued



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FIRST PERSON continued

fir that overlooked the open hillsides below and took out my binoculars. To the east a first golden tint signaled the dawn.

At that instant Richard's 7mm mag cracked below me. A second later another shot echoed out of the gulley. I wasn't surprised to hear the shots. I had half-expected them. Had Richard known elk would be in that gulley? I steadied my binoculars and watched a tiny clearing above where I'd heard the shots. A six-point bull appeared, glanced downhill and then with a tremendous leap disappeared back into the forest. A second later three cow elk entered the clearing, hesitated, then followed him.

Another shot echoed out of the gulley. Could he have missed with the first two? Yet another shot. Two more cows broke across the clearing. What was going on down there? Was a cripple crashing downhill? I waited for a fifth shot. When it didn't come, I collected my pack and rifle. For that morning, at least, the hunt was over. I could see Jack's red vest moving along the ridge. Ten minutes into the season and he had his elk.

I was still waiting for him when Richard stepped out of the trees and approached me.

"Get one?" I asked, any reason for silence gone now.

He held up two fingers. Two? Something was very wrong.

He was still climbing toward me when he began to explain: "Ten minutes after I entered the gulley, I saw a cow watching me. A second later a spike bull stepped out from behind a tree." Richard stopped 20 feet away and looked at his boots. "I shot him behind the left shoulder, staggered him, and then dropped him with a neck shot. If the four-point hadn't stood up . . ."

I wouldn't allow myself to make sense out of what he was telling me. I refused to acknowledge that what I feared was true.

"Even if the four-point had stood up first and the spike second . . ." He stopped talking and watched Jack make his way toward us.

"What happened?" I demanded.

"I saw a cow and then a spike bull . . ."

"You shot two elk?" As I said it, I wanted him to deny it. He could have missed with two of those four shots, could have hit the animal in a bad place and finished it poorly. But he didn't say a word. He just kept watching Jack walk. I knew it was true.

"Jesus, Richard, what were you thinking when you pulled the trigger?"

"I guess I wasn't thinking," he said sadly, shaking his head without looking at me. "For two weeks all I wanted was a rifle, and look what happens when I finally get my hands on one."

"Sounds like the season's over," Jack said as he crossed the last rise to us. We walked over to the dead elk.

They were lying within 30 feet of each other in the gulley where they'd bedded down the night before. It was full of signs—wallows and rubs, fresh droppings and deep trails. Two weeks was long enough to discover where they bedded. Richard had known they would be there, but how could he have shot them? After 14 days of solitary, unproductive

Beyond the bare communication required to field-dress both animals and block and tackle them into adjacent spruce, we didn't speak. There was no telling and retelling of the stalk and shot that would have followed a companionable hunt. We simply cleaned the body cavities and then wrapped tarps around the maddens against flies. Because of the weight of the carcasses, we would need to return in the morning with horses to pack out.

It was almost 3 p.m. when we broke camp and started down the trail. For the first mile we hiked together, but Jack gradually increased his speed and soon was out of sight. When I stopped to adjust my pack, Richard stopped with me.

"I know you won't get over this," he

spruce, surrounded by cows. Now, because we're friends and I had to cover for you, I'll never know."

"I feel awful," I heard him say quietly behind me. "It was a stupid, unthinking thing to do, a terrible mistake. I'm sorry." Then his voice cracked and he couldn't continue. I sat with my pack against a Douglas fir listening to him—remorse, guilt and shame shaking his strong frame—and I recalled the opening of duck season a year before.

It was a bluebird opener. Early we managed to down a teal and a hen wid-goon that flared above our set on Silver Creek. As dawn turned to midmorning the high flights slowed and then stopped. We were starting to pick up when someone in a blind downriver staggered a mallard drake that set its wings, passed low over our decoys and dumped into the rye grass above the high watermark. I waited a minute and then crossed with my Lab close to where I'd seen the duck auger in. My dog went in, I clicked off the safety, and a bird got up, all color and speed. I leveled my Remington, started to squeeze the trigger and thought, "Pheasant!" Then the gun went off.

The opening of pheasant season was still three weeks away, and I had taken a shot. Providence had made me miss. It had been a dumb, unthinking act, and for the rest of the day my hunting partners made me wallow in guilt. What I wanted most then was forgiveness. But there was none, and the sight of that cock pheasant off the end of my barrel stays with me still.

"I can't make it up to you," Richard said. "All I can say is I'm sorry."

Our hunting days together were over. We knew that. But I never thought I'd see Richard cry. That, more than anything else, made me wonder if it was right to erase eight years of friendship because of the events of one miserable day. But could I forgive him?

"I'll tell you what," I said. "If you'll try to forget about it, I will too." I offered him my hand.

Richard looked up with surprise, hesitated, and then took it. "Neither of us will forget this," he said. I knew that. But perhaps we could learn to live with it. He helped me to my feet and led the way slowly back down the trail.



hunts had he felt a subconscious need to even the score? And when he had the elk where he wanted them, had he suffered a breakdown? Could he be innocent by reason of temporary insanity?

I didn't have any answers. Richard transferred his gaze from one carcass to the other, waiting for someone to break the awful silence.

I didn't want Richard to poach the elk. He wouldn't ask me to tag it—and he would understand if I didn't. I had no doubt he'd butcher it, pack it out and, if he was caught, accept his punishment without complaint. But why did I feel I had to cover his mistake? Hadn't our agreement that morning freed me of all responsibility? Somehow it didn't, and angry and sick, I notched my tag and wired it to the four-point's rack. Jack silently did the same on the spike bull.

said in a controlled monotone. "I know I can't make it up to you. I can try, but I know I can't..."

"You're right, you can't," I said, knowing it would be three years before I'd be eligible to draw again. "Richard, weren't you listening this morning?"

He shook his head and said, "This is going to sound lame, but I've always hunted for the meat. If we had two tags, it didn't matter who filled them. I never hunted with anyone who felt the way you do about the experience."

My anger spilled over. "I wanted to do it myself. I wanted the adventure you stole from me. What I got is a carcass. For all it means to me, I could have bought a side of beef from a butcher. I wanted that moment when the bull stood up in the meadow. I wanted to remember how he looked through those blue



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 11-17

Compiled by ARMEN KETEVIAN

BOWLING—MARK BOTH beat Tom Milne 216-205 to win a \$35,000 PBA event in Las Vegas, Pa.

ROBBI BOMED beat Carol Norman 276-204 to win a \$25,000 women's tournament in Tempe, Ariz.

BOKING—EUSEBIO PEDROZA retained his WBA featherweight title by drawing with Bernard Taylor in Charlotte, N.C.

GOLF—SEVERIANO BALLESTEROS defeated Sandy Lyle on the 37th hole to win the \$715,000 World Match Play Championships in England.

HARNESS RACING—CAM FELLA, Pat Cowie in the third and final one-mile heat to win the \$29,318 Messenger Stakes at Rosemead Raceway. The 3-year-old pacer took the decisive heat 1:59 to beat Joann Lohdy by half a length.

HOCKEY—With five goals from Dano Ciccarelli, Minnesota Devils outscored Chicago, retained the league's only unbeaten team at 4-0-1. Ciccarelli tallied twice in a 6-2 triumph over visitors Toronto and then scorched the Calgary Flames three times—it was his seventh career hat trick—in an 8-4 Minnesota win. He ended Week 2 with eight goals, tying him with Quebec's Peter Stastny for the lead in the league. Patrick Roy, captain of New York Islanders and Philadelphia Flyers' third star, The Islanders opened the week by rallying from a 3-0 gap against the New York Rangers to win on two late period goals from Mike Bossy. At home against Pittsburgh and Los Angeles, the Isles had 9-0 and 4-1 wins. That gave them a five-game victory streak and a regular-season unbeaten string of four games at Nassau Coliseum. Barry Gormley had four goals in the last two wins, including a hat trick against the Penguins. The big news in the game against L.A. was the debut of Kings' center Victor Nezhirskiy, the first Soviet to skate in the NHL. Two nights later, against the Rangers, Nezhirskiy scored a 3-1 L.A. victory. Philly's only loss was 5-2 to the Bruins, giving New York Goalsie John Davidson his first victory in more than a year. And yes, upstart New Jersey was still hot. The Devils finished 5-1 to ousting Montreal—but otherwise they did some damage, giving Boston 2-3 and edging Pittsburgh 6-5 on Hector Meade's score with 28 seconds left. Les Canadiens, leading the Adams by two points over Boston, bowled over the Devils despite injuries to red-hot Guy Lafleur (nine points in the first four games), Larry Robinson and Kevan Hauld. Mark Napier took up the slack with two goals. When the two returned against the Rangers, it was Doug Wickhamer who chose with a hat trick in an 8-3 victory. Hartford had reason to cheer. The Whalers won their first of six games—5-0 over visitors Vancouver. Pierre Larocque getting three goals and Ron Francis tying a club record with five assists. Rookie Phil Hensley had a goal and 3 assists in Buffalo's 6-4 win of Edmonton. In the Smythe, outscored Whalers lost to division-leader L.A. 3-1 when Bernie Nicholls got two garbage goals and rookie goalie Gary Lenkowski made 37 saves.

HORSE RACING—ENGINE ONE (39-40), Ruben Hernandez up, defeated favored Good Beauty by a length to win the \$109,000 Vandalia Handicap at Aqueduct. The 4-year-old colt covered the seven furlongs in 1:23.91.

HIGHLAND PARK (37-60), ridden by John Lively, won a stretch drive with Career by a nose to win the \$139,000 Breckenridge Futurity at Keeneland Race Course. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in a time-record 1:43.9.

MEHWET (32-20), Eddie Delahoussaye up, held off a challenge to win the \$108,000 Carolina J. Butler Handicap at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:38.8.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRRELL WALTRIP, in a Buick, averaged 71.315 mph to win a NASCAR 500-mile event on the 1.75-mile Martinsville (Va.) speedway. He led in Ricky Rudd's 1984 Pontiac for two seconds to take over the NASCAR point lead from Bobby Allison with three races remaining.

TENNIS—JOHN MCENROE whipped Gene Mayer 6-4, 6-1, 6-4 to win a \$200,000 indoor tournament in Sydney, Australia.

YANNICK NOAH beat Mats Wilander 6-4, 6-2, 6-3 to triumph in a \$100,000 indoor tournament in Basel, Switzerland.

IVAN LENDL scored a 6-4, 6-2, 6-1 victory over Wojtek Fibak to win a \$20,000 WCT tournament in Naples.

CHRIS EVERT beat Andrea Jaeger 3-6, 6-1, 6-4 to win a \$125,000 women's tournament in Palm Harbor, Fla.

MILFORDS—FILED In San Francisco Superior Court, a civil suit by Victoria Brack, 22, against former University of San Francisco basketball star Quinton Dailey, 21, and the school for personal and punitive damages stemming from Dailey's actions in her USF dorm room on Dec. 21, 1983. Dailey has already pleaded guilty to criminal aggravated assault charges resulting from the incident and was sentenced to three years' probation last August.

FILED By the Seattle Seahawks, Coach JACK PATTERA, 49, who guided the Seahawks to a 35-59 record in slightly more than six seasons, and General Manager JOHN THOMPSON, 53. Patera was replaced on his return from his 1984 McCombs, 51.

FOLDED The NASL Edmonton Drillers, Western Division outdoor league in 1980 and indoor champions in 1981. The Drillers demoted the NASL with only 13 teams for the 1983 outdoor season.

Hired As manager of the Montreal Expos, former Pittsburgh Pirate, New York Yankee and Houston Astro skipper BILL VIKORIN, 51. He signed a two-year contract for a reported \$200,000 per season, with a one-year option.

REINSTATED To Jon Thorpe, by the International Olympic Committee, in 1980 and 1981, therefore, the Olympic gold medal. Thorpe won in the decathlon and pentathlon at the 1912 Olympics. The reinstatement made a 10-year dispute between Thorpe's family and other supporters and the IOC, which had taken away his medals when it was discovered that he had played professional baseball before competing in the Olympics (page 46).

SOLD By the Chicago White Sox, 72-year-old Comiskey Park, site of the Sox home games, to Chicago investors for \$17.5 million. The sale covered lost costs and was not expected until Oct. 14. The Sox will lease the stadium from the investors.

To Detroit businessman Henry Van Amstel, the JACKSONVILLE TEA MEN of the NASL for \$1.5 million. The Tea Men, 11-21 this season, will be rechristened the Detroit Express, the same used by the ASL when Van Amstel once owned. He is now trying to relocate his ASL franchise.

SUSPENDED By the NHL for eight games without pay, Minnesota North Star Right Wing Wally Pfaltz, 27, for what the league called "conduct on or near" the ice. Pfaltz scored Detroit Goalsie Greg Stefan on the back of the neck with his stick on Oct. 8.

TRADED By Los Angeles, Pacher TED POWER, 27, to Cincinnati for an undisclosed sum.

By Milwaukee, Guard ROBERT SMITH, 27, to San Diego for future considerations.

CREDITS

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32—Lance Stewart 30—Illustration by Sam O. Vignola
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FACES IN THE CROWD



SHEILA BAZE
San Mateo, Calif.

Baze, 33, the assistant principal and athletic director at San Manuel High, has coached the Miners' girls' softball team to an eight-year record of 134-7. The Miners have won four straight state girls' Class AA or A titles.



VINCENT HOOVER
Cotton, Ky.

Vincent, a sixth-grader at Corbin Middle School, pitched three straight no-hitters and three one-run games for the 14-0 Corbin Little League team. He was 14-0 on the season, averaged 14 strikeouts per game and batted .610 with 19 homers.



KEITH DONALDSON
Atlanta

Donaldson, 23, roller-skated the mountains 82 miles from Athens, Ga., to Atlanta in six hours, 54 minutes to beat 39 rivals and win the Skate Over Lookouta downhill race. He carried his 13-pound roller for the first 50 miles.



LEE TODORA JR.
Allentown, Pa.

Lee, a seventh-grader at Salisbury Middle School, defeated five opponents en route to winning the 75-pound AAU Grand National freestyle wrestling title. He holds two Eastern AAU crowns and has won 85 of his last 86 matches.



BRUCE MEADE
Brazosport, Texas

Meade, 33, a right-hander for Jerry's Catering of Miami, was named the tournament MVP as Jerry's won the Super Division National Softball Championship. He tied the tournament on home runs (12 in eight games) and batted .703.



PHILLIP RASCHKER
Bozeman, Mont., N.C.

Raschker, 35, won eight events at TAC's National Masters meet and seven at the Masters Sports Festival. Her performances in the 400-meter hurdles (1:08.75), pole vault (8 feet) and triple jump (34' 9 1/2") may be tops for U.S. women 35 to 39.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

HOCKEY FANS

Sir:

Some time ago I wrote deploring the lack of hockey coverage in *SI*. I feel it only fair and fitting now to compliment you on your special hockey preview (Oct. 11) and a fine article on the New York Islanders by E.M. Swift, who knows more than a little about the game. As a Canadian, a 50-year supporter of the sport and a Montreal Canadiens fan, I am most grateful.

J. DOUGLAS MCGILLIS
Sicklerville, N.J.

Sir:

Thank you, thank you, thank you for putting out such a great hockey preview: an outstanding job on the NHL by E.M. Swift, whom I have always enjoyed reading, and fine work by Catherine Wolf on the college preview.

BRUCE GROSBETH
West Lafayette, Ind.

CONTROLLING THE VIOLENCE

Sir:

Congratulations to E.M. Swift (*Earning Their Stripes*, Oct. 11) for proposing several changes in the NHL's current officiating scheme. The idea of adding a second referee to officiating crews is a good one. However, I believe it needs to be taken one step further. In order to avoid any "lobbying" by players or coaches during a game, it would be necessary to designate one of the referees the head official for the game. His decision would be final in the assessment of any penalties. Such a system is in use quite effectively in major league baseball.

Buffalo Forward Craig Ramey showed that there is hope for an age of enlightened thinking when he proposed that officials "call everything." Close adherence to all of the rules is no obstacle to playing good, productive hockey. In Ramey's case, he entered the current season with only 184 penalty minutes in a career of 922 games.

CHRIS C. FIELD
Denver

Sir:

E.M. Swift's call for the two-referee, one-lineman system of officiating as "the obvious solution" to the ills of the NHL seems off-side. Swift neatly delineated responsibilities for two referees based on the location and movement of the puck, but he fails to consider the positioning of the referees required for them to effectively and consistently assess penalties. Furthermore, no mention is made of how two referees and one lineman would handle icing, offside and the two-line offside pass. Clearly, the assessment of offside viola-

tions is more important than are judgment calls as to the outcome of the game is concerned. And as long as the NHL continues to restrict the natural flow of the game with the two-line offside-pass rule, two linemen are necessary.

This season ECAC Division I hockey moved from the two-referee, one-lineman system to a one-referee, two-linemen system for two reasons: 1) better blue-line and center-red-line coverage in the neutral zone by two linemen (offside and icing), and 2) consistency in the assessment of penalties. We believe that near-perfect line coverage comes first. And yes, two eyes at a proper angle to the play will be better than four when, often, two of the four eyes could not be in a position to assess infractions properly anyway.

Ice hockey officiating at all levels has its problems and challenges, but isn't it true that officials are charged with controlling what coaches and management teach the players to do in the first place?

BRIAN S. PEYROVER
Assistant Commissioner
Eastern College Athletic Conference
Centerville, Mass.

• The Western and Central collegiate hockey associations, the ECAC's rival conferences, are still using the two-referee, one-lineman system and believe that it's the best system for the college game—ED.

MOTHER AND SON

Sir:

Regarding English Channel swimmer Ashley Harper (*FACES IN THE CROWD*, Sept. 13), did you know that his mother, Roberta Harper, was also featured in *FACES* sometime back in 1969 or '70?

ROBERTA ASHLEY REEVES
Haverford, Pa.

• The issue date was Oct. 26, 1970 (see below). Mrs. Harper, who is now 88 and residing in a retirement community outside Philadelphia, continued to play singles and doubles matches until forced to give up tennis at 85 —ED



MRS. ROBERTA HARPER '86, learned up to win the women's and mixed doubles titles of the Trenton (N.J.) Country Club and reached the semifinals of the women's singles. Her first club championship, for women's singles, was won back in 1924.

Sir:

The right to call any violation should be given to all three officials on the ice. Ten rapidly moving bodies are too much for one official, or even two, to follow. Once tight calls become commonplace, the players will have no trouble adjusting. Witness the Olympics.

J.M. ANTAL
The Woodlands, Texas

Sir:

Granted, hockey officials have a hard time making calls, but is this bad? On the contrary, I think it shows that hockey is an extremely exciting game with few breaks in the action. If every rule had to be followed exactly, the game wouldn't be nearly as entertaining as it is right now.

CHARLES B. HARTWELL
Providence

THE ISLANDERS' EXAMPLE

Sir:

On behalf of all avid Red Wing fans—yes, there are some of us still around—I'd like to thank E.M. Swift for his enlightening article on the New York Islanders' early years (*Who Would've Thunk?* Oct. 11). Knowing that the '72-'73 Islanders were actually worse than the teams we Detroiters have given force to endure the last 15 years has been almost hockey fans' high hopes as we anxiously await the beginning of a new era under owner Mike Ilitch. New general manager Jimmy Devellano, a former Islander assistant general manager and director of scouting, promises to rebuild the Wings the way his old boss, Bill Torrey, built the Islanders: through the draft. Lord knows we've seen top draft choices traded away for middle-age has-beens in the past.

Given Devellano's gift for spotting young talent, e.g. Potvin, Gillies, Trotter and Bossy, the Wings' future is brighter than it has been for the last quarter century. I can see the headline for Swift's '85-'86 hockey preview article now: *The Red Wings—A New Dynasty O.K., O.K. Maybe '89-'90*. After all, dynasties aren't drafted overnight.

KEITH KONNA
Mount Clemens, Mich.

Sir:

What a fine article on the Islanders and their general manager, Bill Torrey. It made me realize that Red Auerbach isn't the only genius in major league sports today.

RICHARD M. ROGERS
West Dennis, Mass.

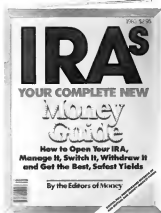
PREDICTIONS

Sir:

I was very disappointed to see that the North Stars weren't picked to make the Final

continued

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WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



STEPHEN GRAHAM

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

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"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the benefit of the entire community. And

I'm meeting all kinds of people who are doing the same.

"Most important of all, I'm learning more about human care needs. And how—as a United Way volunteer—I can make a difference here in Seattle. It's a valuable lesson in leadership.

"By helping shape my community's future, through United Way, I'm more than just living my life. I'm fulfilling it."



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19TH HOLE *continued*

Four. This year our slogan for the Stars is: COASTING OR STRONG? I predict that Minnesota will take the Islanders to the wire in the '83 finals and that E.M. Swift will have to eat his words.

PETE BARTA
Fairbault, Minn.

THE COLLEGE GAME Sir

As a college hockey fan, I was delighted to find that SI has finally seen fit to include an article on the college game in its preseason issue. Moreover, as a University of New Hampshire diehard, I was ecstatic to find that Charlie Holt, a fine coach and true gentleman, was mentioned. But please, UNH is located in the town of Durham, not the city of Manchester as stated in the article.

GREGORY AMBROSIO
Lynn, Mass.

COVER CONSCIOUS Sir:

Lo and behold, SI, you've done it again. Your infamous cover jinx is back, and it hasn't lost its touch. On the Oct. 4 issue you showed Penn State's Todd Blackledge throwing against Nebraska, in a game Penn State ended up winning. Two weeks later Penn State was knocked off by Alabama.

If it's not asking too much, we loyal Pitt fans would appreciate it very much if you would refrain from putting the Panthers on the cover until after they have claimed the national championship.

JOHN M. GUNDERSEN
Houston

Sir

Please, please, keep Penn State off future covers. Just once we'd like to win a national championship, and you are definitely not helping.

JAY A. ALEXANDER
Houston

SINGLE WINDERS (CONT.) Sir,

What a delightful article by Rick Telander about the single-wing formation (*A Very Singular Way to Play*, Sept. 20), especially for an oldtimer like me who coached the single and double wing for more than 20 years. Like all the others, I had to go to the T later.

But what intrigued me was how Telander knew so much about the relationship between Pop Warner and Knute Rockne. It was almost exactly as he so interestingly portrayed it. I saw them first at a coaches' clinic in Dallas in 1929. They carried on in just this fashion, Warner jibbing at Rockne's happy-hoppy backfield and Rockne scolding the grinding-it-out dullness of the double wing. It was a thrilling and inspiring experience for a young coach—Rockne with his great magnetism and Warner with his sound and logical approach.

Thanks for the heavenly view of past giants of the great game of football.

W.E. CURRY
Lufkin, Texas
continued



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15TH HOLE (continued)

Sir

Rick Telander's article on Denton's single wing was singularly excellent. I'm sure Coach Keith Piper has heard stories about the great single-wing teams of Sequoia High School in Redwood City, Calif., in the late '50s and early '60s. Those prep juggernauts not only produced the No. 1-ranked team in the state in 1961 but they also produced Gary Behan, the 1967 Heisman Trophy winner.

GUY F. LORIS,
Lima, Peru

Sir

Woodrow Wilson High in Los Angeles, under coaches Vic Cuccia and Augie Lambert, was the last high school in Southern California to run the single wing as a basic offense. In 1969. Until these two stopped coaching football at Wilson four years ago there were still plays in the playbook based on the single wing. Cuccia and Lambert turned out two quarterbacks who are in college football right now: Ron Cuccia at Harvard and Steve Jackson at San Jose State. I still love that single wing. Keith Piper, keep it up!

JAY DORNISVALTER
Athletic Director
Woodrow Wilson High School
Los Angeles

Sir

Rick Telander observes that "most of the great players one hears about from the old days"—Jim Thorpe, George Gipp, Tom Harmon, Don Walker, et al., the legendary "big game threats"—were tailbacks. The Gapsies, of course, is the Notre Dame tailback President Reagan is so proud to have portrayed in the movies. However, the President should perhaps be even more proud that he has the same surname as another notable tailback, Francis Xavier Reagan, the University of Pennsylvania star. As a junior in 1939, Reagan out-gained the great Tom Harmon and, as a senior, led Penn to victories over Army 48-0, and Yale, 50-7, at the time the worst defeats ever suffered by those teams.

Reagan had a college career that Frank Meriwell would have envied. It began in his sophomore year, when he scored all three touchdowns to lead the Quakers to a 21-0 victory over Yale at the Yale Bowl, ending a 51-year-old jinx. His career ended on a similar high note when he ran for three touchdowns in a 22-20 defeat of Cornell; the winning touchdown coming in the final two minutes on a 20-yard, off-tackle scamper. Oh yes, Cornell had given up only one touchdown on the ground all season and for much of the year had been ranked No. 1 by the AP.

LANDOV C. MANNING
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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